

The Academy and Literature

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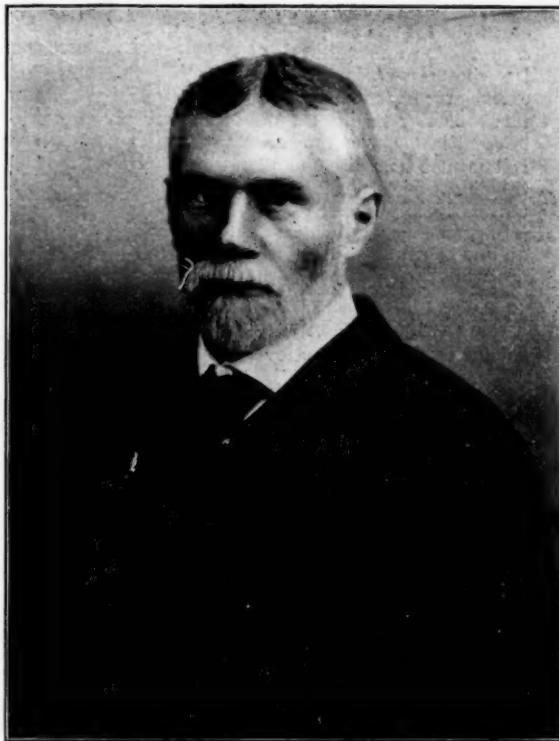
Notes

I SEEM to have been too pessimistic in my remarks a fortnight ago on the insularity of our literary tastes, and am pleased to learn that the *entente cordiale* is spreading from politics to the domain of literature and the arts. L'Alliance Française, which, as is well known, is under the direct patronage of the French President and Government, has decided to found L'Alliance Littéraire, Scientifique et Artistique Franco-Anglaise, with the object of promoting a mutual appreciation and understanding of French and English literature and art. On lines slightly similar to those on which the Parliamentary representatives of England and France exchanged visits, it is proposed that the leading French literary representatives should lecture in London and prominent English writers and artists in Paris on the literature and art of their respective countries. These literary evenings will not be mere educational lectures, but will partake as far as possible of a social character. In France the Alliance has already obtained the support of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, well known for his organisation of the inter-Parliamentary visit, and of no less than eight Academicians and eleven Members of the Institute, of whom the following are perhaps the best known to English readers: Messieurs Gaston Boissier, Jules Claretie, Victorien Sardou, Albert Sorel, Léon Bonnat, Salomon Reinach and Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. In England it is being launched under the auspices of Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Thomas Barclay, and Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer, who are associated with the French Academy and Institute. The scheme should have a brilliant future and I wish it all success.

M. EDOUARD MAYNIAL has an extremely interesting article in this month's "Mercure de France" on the resemblances between Guy de Maupassant and Gabriel d'Annunzio. The likeness between the "taureau triste" of Normandy and the "faune un peu triste revenu à la vie primitive" of the Abruzzi, is seen in the first place in the many passages of striking—not to say suspicious—resemblance from the novels. The meetings, for instance, of the Enoch Ardens of De Maupassant and D'Annunzio with their wives and husbands-in-law, in "Le Retour" and "Turlendana ritorna," are so nearly identical that the Italian must surely have taken the Frenchman for his model. More important is the analogy between the broad outlines of the temperaments of the two novelists, partly explained, possibly, by the fact that the Adriatic province in which D'Annunzio was born had been once colonised by the Normans. I quote

the following passage *a propos* of their attitude towards women:

"La sensualité dont tout l'œuvre de d'Annunzio et presque tout l'œuvre de Maupassant sont empreints n'est donc pas un simple jeu de poète ou d'artiste. Chez



SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

[Photo, Elliott & Fry]

les deux écrivains il y a la même inquiétude perpétuelle, absorbante, de la femme, une sorte d'obsession non pas même de l'amour, mais de ce qu'il a de plus primitif et de plus général, de l'instinct sexuel . . . tout sentiment qui détourne ou altère le désir est vain; toute complication psychologique est fausse. Aussi les femmes qui occupent une si grande place dans les romans de Maupassant et de d'Annunzio sont-elles des courtisanes, maîtresses que domine la fatalité des sens et que des

scrupules de morale ne troublent jamais, épouses qui se livrent comme des amantes. *Bel-ami* et André Sperelli ('Il Piacere'), André Mariolles ('Notre Coeur') et Georges Aurispa ('Il Trionfo della Morte') se trompent eux-mêmes quand ils cherchent dans l'amour épuré l'oubli passager d'une passion moins chaste."

An important theme with both is the radical opposition between the intellectual and physical desires, which is found, for instance, in "Fort comme la Mort" and "Gioconda." Again, both novelists feel to the full the reaction from the intense joy of the senses, and I quote the following *a propos* of the antithesis between Life and Death that pervades their works:

"De cette volupté insatiable naissent en effet, chez Maupassant et chez G. d'Annunzio, la même tristesse de vivre et le même sentiment du néant : l'idée de la mort domine toutes leurs créations ('Au bord de l'Eau') : l'amour tue l'homme, parce qu'on ne peut pas le limiter, et que les forces vitales s'épuisent plus vite que le désir ('Fort comme la Mort'). Rien ne fait mieux sentir l'inutilité absolue de l'effort humain que l'impuissance finale de la sensibilité ('Notre Coeur'). Maupassant jette le premier cri d'angoisse que répète après lui d'Annunzio : 'Oh ! qui me donnera un sens nouveau, une volupté nouvelle ?' . . . Pour rendre l'obsession inélectable de l'instinct, les deux écrivains ont des procédés d'expression analogues : les êtres vivants aussi bien que les choses ne les intéressent que par leurs signes extérieurs ; avec un vocabulaire essentiellement matériel, ils excellent à traduire d'une façon concrète les passions, les sentiments, les impressions. Aussi ne sont-ils parfaitement à leur aise que quand ils décrivent : tout objet tangible, tout phénomène physique apparaissent, à travers leurs phrases, plus réels que la réalité ; et quant à la prétendue psychologie des deux romanciers, elle n'est qu'une transposition en termes expressifs des phénomènes abstraits."

The sensuous love of music and perfumes is another interesting trait common to the two novelists, but more significant is their intense love of the power and solitude of the sea, a love which is to be also found in the writings of Mr. Conrad.

BUT D'Annunzio is no servile plagiarist. He Italianizes De Maupassant and imparts to him some of his own luxuriant lyricism. In his style he is a splendid eclectic, and to quote yet once more from M. Maynial :

"C'est un jeu facile, quelquefois amusant, que de découper dans la prose extraordinairement abondante et riche de l'auteur du 'Feu' des morceaux de Nietzsche, de Péladan, de Dostoïevsky, de Swinburne, voire d'A. Theuriet. Parmi les étrangers auxquels G. d'Annunzio a rendu l'hommage d'un souvenir trop fidèle, il n'en est pas dont les tendances, les visions et les habitudes d'artiste répondent mieux que celles de Maupassant à son propre tempérament. C'est parce que les mêmes choses les intéressaient dans la vie, c'est parce que les mêmes thèmes leur étaient suggérés par la nature du pays où ils récurent leurs premières impressions, que les deux écrivains se sont plus d'une fois rencontrés ; mais les récits de d'Annunzio ne font pas oublier les anecdotes narrées par notre maître-conteur, pas plus que 'le Lys dans la Vallée' ne saurait jamais effacer la délicieuse historiette de la reine de Navarre qui lui a donné le jour. Les 'Nouvelles de la Pescara,' presque toutes inspirées très directement de Maupassant, sont un démenti nouveau à ce mot plus spirituel que juste : 'En littérature, quand on dépouille un homme, il faut avoir soin de l'assassiner.'"

MR. EGERTON CASTLE, who as one of the few English writers of genuine romance is especially qualified to speak

on the subject, delivered on Thursday, the 17th, at Southport, a lecture on "Atmosphere in Romance." In reply to those contemptuous sneers at a great and vital branch of art, who are best described as "the mere fiction" school, Mr. Egerton Castle replied effectively that, so long as the "illusion" or atmosphere is sustained, there is little difference between fiction and fact.

"Is not Diana Vernon, born and bred in Scott's imagination, to the full as living for us now as Rob Roy Macgregor, whose existence was so undeniably tangible to the men of his day? Do we not see, in our mind's eye, and know as dearly, the lovable 'girt John Ridd' of 'Lorna Doone,' the romance, as the actually historical Mr. Samuel Pepys or King James of English annals? Pictures, alike of the plainest facts or of the veriest imaginings, are but pictures ; it matters very little, therefore, whether the man or the woman about whom we read, but whom we never are to see in the flesh, has really lived or not, provided what we do read raises an emotion in our hearts. To the novelist himself every character, each in his own degree, is almost as living as a personal acquaintance, every event is as clear as a personal experience."

It is interesting to note that in regard to this point Mr. Egerton Castle has no less a man on his side than Hegel, who affirmed that Hamlet was quite as real to a modern mind as was Julius Cæsar. Mr. Egerton Castle becomes still more interesting when he takes us behind the scenes and informs us that what the public eventually sees in the finished book consists of but select passages from the full and crowded life which the characters lived and enjoyed in the mind of their creator. To quote once more from Mr. Egerton Castle's lecture :

"It is then my theme that, in order to be convincing, an author must have a great deal more to say on his subject than he actually does say, that he must have lived with it, breathed its air, and that if he knows how to produce his atmosphere, if the atmosphere is there, the impression conveyed is as complete as if the reader himself had actually witnessed all the untold episodes in their unseen scenery. As a matter of fact, if the atmosphere of the book has encompassed the reader, he has, himself, unconsciously supplied them all — to his own delight. I think that we may now say that we are approaching to some kind of definition of that vague and elastic word ; and now, also, it will be seen why this question of atmosphere, this power of evoking conscious illusion, is of paramount importance in romance—romance distinguished from the broader genius of the novel."

Mr. Egerton Castle's definition of romance is interesting in many ways. The spirit of romance may be said to be the spirit of youth in its exuberance ; and it is perhaps this act of straining towards action, towards physical impression and active communion with the living world that distinguishes it from abstract poetry.

OXFORD has suffered severe loss by the death of Dr. Thomas Fowler, for twenty years President of Corpus Christi College, who died on Sunday, the 20th. Dr. Fowler was born in 1832 at Burton-Stather, Lincolnshire. His early education was obtained at King William's College, Isle of Man, whence he went as a postmaster to Merton College in 1850. After a distinguished university career he gained a Fellowship at Lincoln College in 1855 ; he was elected to the Professorship of Logic in 1873. In 1881 Professor J. Matthias Wilson, then the President of Corpus, died, and the College took the bold and quite unexpected step of electing Dr. Fowler, who had had no previous connec-

tion with the College, to fill the vacant Presidentship. The choice, however, could not have been happier, and under the reign of the new head Corpus entered on a fresh lease of vigour and prosperity. Throughout his life Dr. Fowler played a prominent part in conducting the general business of the University, eventually becoming Vice-Chancellor in 1899. He was, in addition, a distinguished philosophic author, and besides contributing to many reviews wrote a work on Logic, which is universally used in Oxford; monographs on Bacon, Locke, Hutchinson and Shaftesbury; "Progressive Morality" and "The Principles of Morality"; and edited Bacon's "Novum Organum" and Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding." In private life Dr. Fowler was distinguished for his kindness, his humour, his geniality; he was deservedly popular both with dons and with undergraduates, who appreciated to the full his intimacy and cordiality.

Bibliographical

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA" is a rare work of great interest to students of the problems which arise on a consideration of the life story of William Shakespeare, and there should be many readers ready to welcome a reprint of the poem. First issued in the autumn of 1594—about four months after "The Rape of Lucrece"—there were later editions (not all of them represented by existing copies) in 1596, 1605, an unknown date, 1609 and 1635. The poem is fully entitled "Willolie his Avisa; or, the True Picture of a Modest Maid and of a Chaste and Constant Wife," and among the speakers in it is one "W. S." It was Payne Collier who first identified Shakespeare under those initials, and since he did so the poem has received considerable attention. In 1880 Dr. A. B. Grosart published a reprint, of which, however, only sixty-two copies were printed for subscribers, and in an interesting introduction he gave reasons for believing that Willolie's friend "W. S." represents Shakespeare. Mr. Sidney Lee, in his "Life of Shakespeare" and in his article on Henry Willolie in the Dictionary of National Biography, deals with the question as not proven. Mr. Charles Hughes, who edits the reprint, claims that he has brought forward facts which almost conclusively establish the identity of W. S. and William Shakespeare.

The centenary of the birth of Benjamin Disraeli is being marked by the reissue of his novels in more than one form. Two most diverse French writers were also born in December 1804, and though their centenaries will probably be marked in England by but a few newspaper and magazine articles, in France they will no doubt receive wider attention. December 10 will mark the centenary of the birth of Eugène Sue, and December 23 that of Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve. Sue's two best books—or those generally acknowledged as such, and certainly those best known to English readers—are "The Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew," both of which are issued in various forms by Messrs. Routledge. I can only recall two current editions of Sainte-Beuve in English translations—"Essays," in three volumes, with a critical memoir by Mr. William Sharp (Gibbings); and "Essays of Sainte-Beuve," translated by Miss Elizabeth Lee in the Scott Library.

The approaching publication of Sir Theodore Martin's

translation of Leopardi's poems reminds me that a suggestion put forward by Dr. Richard Garnett in his article on Leopardi in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," about twenty years ago, has not so far been acted upon.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH

[Illustration from "Imperial Vienna" (Lane)]

The suggestion was that Leopardi's dialogues, "rendered into our language with extraordinary felicity by Mr. James Thomson, author of 'The City of Dreadful Night,'" should be "disinterred from the files of 'The National Reformer' and made generally accessible." In the same article Dr. Garnett said that it was very improbable that there would ever be an adequate translation of Leopardi's poems in English. A translation of the poems, made by Mr. J. M. Morrison, was published in 1900, so that Sir Theodore Martin's will be the second attempt to prove the possibility of giving in English an adequate rendering of the Italian poet.

Scarcely a week goes by but we have some fresh instance of the duplication of book-titles. I notice that Mrs. John Lane has recently translated a story from the German, which is to be published under the title of "Peterkins." I should have thought that Mrs. Molesworth's "Peterkin" was too well known for there to be any danger of another title being chosen so close to it; but apparently Mrs. Lane was not aware of the earlier book.

WALTER JERROLD,

Reviews

Representative Men

GREAT ENGLISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Sidney Lee. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is quite the best work that Mr. Sidney Lee has given us, with the possible exception of his introduction to Elizabethan Sonnets in "An English Garner." Mr. Lee states that his object "has been to interest the cultivated reader of general intelligence rather than the expert"; but we fancy that the more the reader knows of the period and the men dealt with the more highly he will appreciate the writer's sound scholarship and sane judgments. The book, while reviewing the lives and works of six of the most distinguished English sons of the Renaissance, is in reality a survey of the spirit and growth of English letters during the sixteenth and early years of the seventeenth century. To accomplish such a task without being either dry or banal is no mean feat, one of which we scarcely counted Mr. Lee capable, for in previous work he has to our mind shown a tendency to treat men as puppets and minds as machines. But in these present pages he fathoms not only the heart of his subject but the souls of the men whose portraits he has painted. He is a thought too fond, however, of discovering paradoxes in men's lives. The man whose career contained no paradoxes in Mr. Lee's sense of the word would be inhuman. Thomas More is not the only man of letters who has written of an ideal and has failed even to attempt to live up to it, and of Francis Bacon we cannot take quite so simple a view as does Mr. Lee. Bacon did not—we do not believe any man ever did—divide up his life into water-tight compartments, saying, "To-day I as Bacon the opportunist politician will do *this*" and "To-morrow I the lover of truth will do *that*." No, he was a very great man with a very human nature and by no means the first or last preacher who did not practise what he taught. But the study of Sir Philip Sidney is very complete, Mr. Lee appearing to us not only to understand him thoroughly but to have been unblinded by the glamour of romance, the while he realised the fascination exerted by Sidney on his contemporaries. Sir Walter Raleigh is brilliantly limned, though we cannot agree that the "primary cause of colonial expansion lies in the natural ambition of the healthy human intellect to extend its range of vision and knowledge." Mr. Lee is evidently an optimist and would not for a moment admit that the causes which send emigrants and explorers oversea are discomfort at home or hope of increased profit abroad. We would like to see the evidence for the statement that Marlowe and Raleigh "debated together the evidences of Christianity, and reached the perilous conclusion that they were founded on sand." Surely this is mere prejudiced gossip?

We think it a pity that in this delightful book so elementary a chapter as that on Shakespeare's Career should have been included, more especially as Mr. Lee falls victim to the bad habit of stating as ascertained fact matters that are very doubtfully true: that Shakespeare was certainly educated at the Stratford Grammar School (a statement rightly qualified in another chapter); that he found his father's business uncongenial; that his marriage caused annoyance to his parents; that when he first arrived in London he had no friends there and soon "won the menial office of call-boy" in a playhouse, and so forth. Mr. Lee, of all

persons, should remember that nothing is gained and probably much lost by muddling up legend with history. The chapter on Foreign Influences on Shakespeare is excellent, moderate in statement and a pleasant corrective to the theory-mongers. But we cannot follow Mr. Lee in his belief that Shakespeare was affected to any very great degree by local "atmosphere"; "Hamlet" is fairly satisfactory as a Dane, not because the dramatist reached after local colour, but because he adapted a character ready made to his hand. Thus, too, in other cases.

Mr. Lee's analysis of the Spirit of the Sixteenth Century does full justice to the new birth of intellect, the "passion for extending the limits of human knowledge" and "the new resolve to make the best and not the worst of life upon earth." But does he not underestimate the influence wrought by the rebellion of men's minds against the intellectual fetters which the Church had for so long riveted on its children?

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

Word-Pictures

LIFE'S LESSER MOODS. By C. Lewis Hind. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

It has become the mode to dub certain modern writers "impressionists" because, forsooth, they evolve with consummate art a perfect picture on a small scale with a few dashes of their typewriter. Mr. Hind, whose former books, "Life's Little Things" and "Adventures among Pictures," ought to have taught folk more discrimination, has been most unfairly included in this category. He is nothing less than an impressionist. Save that he is an artist, he has nothing in common with the school of Pissaro and Le Sidaner. He sees life through a lens clearly, and has more kinship to a conscientious photographic snapshotter, were such an one ever gifted with artistic perception and the mechanical ability to leave out the unnecessary and superfluous.

In this book Mr. Hind has collected some threescore pictures of men and things, streets and places, curious encounters, sharply contrasted personalities. Each little picture is complete in itself, terse, alive, observant and clearly defined. A strongly developed journalistic sense ("a nose for news" it is called in Fleet Street) enables him to seize intuitively the two or three high lights, to indicate the background and to frame the work appropriately. The itinerant seaside photographic artist of a decade ago was wont to take a family group, dive into a black cloth and emerge in something under two minutes with a vile little glass plate "fixed" in a brass frame. Now imagine for a moment that this man were an artist and that instead of a vile glass plate he handed to the customer a graceful miniature suitably framed—a pleasing work of art, but equally quickly fashioned and as deftly turned out. Of course, the thing is impossible, luckily impossible; but were it otherwise the result would be something akin to Mr. Hind's work.

There are about eight hundred words in "Aldwych, 1903," and as a result we have an entirely delightful, and, what is more, convincing, picture from which no one line—indeed, no one word—could be omitted without destroying its artistic completeness. There is not much told—there was not much to tell—but Aldwych lives for the time being in these few "sticks" of type. There are few English artists in words of whom the same could be said. Again, the portrait simply entitled "A

Frenchman" is a little masterpiece, as full and complete a document as a drawing by Gavarni or Cham, but without the slightest suggestion of caricature.

The travel notes in Spain and Italy, which conclude the volume, are also happy in their way, but are more in the nature of thumb-nail sketches. The ill-mannered Englishman in a Continental train, the exquisite grace of the Spanish beggar, the impudence of the American boy, the exiled English monk of the Appian Way catacombs—these are all commonplaces of everyday travel, but the anecdotes are told with more than ordinary cleverness, and the repeated contrasts of the inspiring surroundings and the very ordinary things that happen there do not pall or jar in the least. On the contrary, they make excellent good reading.

FRANK SCHLOESSER.

Books of Good Omen

JOHN BUNYAN. By the author of "Mark Rutherford." Literary Lives Series. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.)

JEREMY TAYLOR: A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES, WITH A POPULAR EXPOSITION OF HIS WORKS. By George Worley. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

TIME, which by a natural process must discount the value of the spiritual exercises of a given generation, compensates in some instances for that which it takes away. There are few educated persons at the present day, it may fairly be presumed, who take quite the same view of the bearing of human events as was taken in his own day by the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the most earnest of his evangelical contemporaries. As our synthesis covers a wider area of observation, there is need of a man of ardent sympathy with two several ages to interpret the earlier to the later. The author of "Mark Rutherford" shows himself eminently fitted, both by early association and subsequent mental development, to be the interpreter of Bunyan; and, in the present volume of Literary Lives, he has, as it is said, got himself, to a quite uncommon extent, into the skin of his hero. It is characteristic, he writes, of Bunyan's best work that, though the form of it may be theological—*i.e.* redolent of the theological phase of his own day—there is a meaning in it which is human; and the great laws of nature, eternal as the stars, may be discovered in the discussion of texts. It was the time when Newton was trembling on the verge of the epoch-making discovery that the movements of the moon were in accordance with known laws. To the Bedford congregation that was a matter of no significance. It was from the pulpit that they expected news on the only subject that mattered—the nature of that "glorious plot and contrivance" on which before time the Father and the Son "shook hands," and the conditions by and through which that means of escape from a fiery torment might be individually appropriated. The exposition of an inspired book, in which this plan was mystically enfolded, was the overwhelming subject of interest to Bunyan and his like, and behind the baldest of Old Testament narratives they detected it lurking. The fig-leaves wherewith Adam and Eve sought to cover their nakedness are natural righteousness, and the coats of skins are that which is imputed. A long essay is devoted to proving that every part of the Temple was a prefiguration of things to come.

But not only is Bunyan precious for the eternal truths that lie at the foundation of what is merely occasional and temporary in his writings (and this is most lucidly drawn out in these pages), but his external

imagery has in itself an historical value, apart from the mystical sense that was primarily intended by its author, as a vivid portraiture of the civic life in England of his day. And this also, throughout his book, the essayist has been quick to seize and present to his twentieth-century readers. Many of these, who have little better than a faint recollection of "The Pilgrim's Progress" as a child's Sunday book, should be sent back to it with a new zest, nor rest there.

It might perhaps by some be thought that Mr. Gosse's book on Jeremy Taylor, noticed some months ago in these columns, would have left little scope for a new work. But Mr. Worley has approached his task in a very different spirit, and, definitely, with a view to inducing serious-minded Anglicans to undertake the resurrection of Taylor as a living source. His book may serve the purpose very well, for his knowledge of his man is clearly not of yesterday and his extracts and comments are marked by just and reasonable judgment. When he comes to interpret Taylor theologically he acknowledges ambiguities, and, while claiming him for the High Church school, confesses that there are points of burning controversy on which he is less outspoken than its friends might have desired to find him. A book of good omen, this, to sane and even-minded churchmen.

The Twelve Pillars of the Republic

THE UNITED STATES—A HISTORY OF THREE CENTURIES. By William Estabrook Chancellor and Fletcher Willis Hewes. Part I., Colonisation, 1607-1697. (Putnam. 15s. net.)

THIS first volume of a comprehensive History of the United States arrests attention by its thorough scholarship, its breadth of treatment and its lucidity of style. Its literary qualities are most evident in the sustained narrative of Mr. Chancellor, giving the political and social development of the people, while Mr. Hewes, to whom the plan of the book is due, is author of the sections upon the statistical and economic history of the country. These students of the Republic of the New York recognise the solidarity of history and show the structure of Colonial America resting upon the foundation of the great European Powers. In the opening chapter on "The Beginnings of New Spain" we are given vivid sketches of the two dominant Catholic countries, Spain in its proud supremacy and Portugal as the pioneer in maritime discovery, through the daring imagination of Prince Henry the Navigator and the achievements of his great venturers. The defeat of Philip II. was the first of the causes which made the New World English and Protestant. "The wind of God" which scattered the Armada made open path to the sea-rovers of England.

If Christopher Columbus gave the Western Continent to the world, our author holds that to Walter Raleigh America is indebted for its land and people. His was the dream of building over-seas a broad Protestant empire as bulwark against Catholic Spain. Despite the partition of the New World by Pope Alexander VI. between Spain and Portugal in 1493, the Virginian Company won its charter from King James in 1606, which resulted in the founding of Jamestown. Almost contemporary with this was the beginning of New Netherland in the settling of New Amsterdam under the Dutch West India Company. Following the Cavaliers in Virginia and the Dutch in New York, the English Puritans founded the Plymouth Colony in 1620. In 1643 Plymouth, with the settlements of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven, united in a confederation, known

as "The United Colonies of New England." Rhode Island, founded by Roger Williams on the principle of universal toleration, became a sanctuary for the oppressed and persecuted. It was governed by the masters of families incorporated into a town fellowship. A close study is given of the settlement of the other colonies: Catholic Maryland, modelled on the Palatinat of Durham and under the Barons Baltimore, assuring full religious liberty; the Carolinas, granted to favourites of Charles II., which, in "The Unalterable Constitutions" drawn up by Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, attempted the establishment of feudalism in the New World; and the Quaker Colonies of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware.

In his consideration of the religious influences which swayed the destiny of the colonies Mr. Chancellor emphasises the free thought of the Dutch, which had earlier reached England, and so through its Puritans or Separatists, as well as by the Colony of New Netherland, wrought in behalf of liberty and toleration. In the comparison of the Spanish and French in their settlements with the English the author attributes the failure of the former to their disinclination to take root in the new soil. They were adventurers only, not colonists making homes. On the subject of the relation of the Indians to the settlers Mr. Chancellor gives a higher estimate than is usual of the character of the Aborigines and an impartial consideration of the causes of the Indian Wars.

In the chapter on "The Beginnings of New France" the failure of France to fulfil her destiny of her overlordship to North America is attributed to the selfish policy of Louis XIV. in sacrificing the interests of the colony to his own advantage, in imposing upon the people of the New World the outworn feudalism of the Old.

Mr. Hewes gives a clear and concise account of the economic development of the country; early colonial agriculture, of which corn (maize) and tobacco were the staples; the beginning of the woollen manufacture in the spinning and weaving of the women; the experiments in cotton and flax on hand-looms; and the attempts to introduce the silkworm. The discovery of "iron-stone" in New England led to the establishment of foundries, which were the feeble beginnings of the great industries of iron and steel. This was followed by the enterprise of shipbuilding, held in check by the "Navigation Acts" of the English Parliament.

The authors of this history are animated by no spirit of insistent patriotism, in which America is studied in detachment as the one great experiment in democracy. The Republic of the West is recognised as the result of great movements in the Old World and given its rightful place in the procession of world powers.

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESNEY.

The War between the States—1861-1865

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE. By his son, Captain Robert E. Lee. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

LEE and "Stonewall" Jackson were the great figures in the Confederate Army, as Grant, Sheridan and Sherman were in the Northern or Union Army. General Lee was never the subject of any feeling other than that of respect to even his Northern foes. He was ever regarded in the North as brave, chivalrous and skilful, moderate in victory and calm in defeat; and such he always proved himself to be. His life was bounded by the years 1807 and 1870, but sixty-three years in all—

the same number that fell to General Grant—1822-1885. The real question at issue between the North and the South was, as it is perhaps too well known to repeat, whether, under the original terms of the union between the States, one or more States could peaceably *secede* or withdraw from the Union. The right to hold slaves was, of course, the bone of contention, and the determination on the part of the North that slavery should not be extended into the new States and Territories was opposed with energy by the Southern States, because, amongst other reasons, the increase of free States left the Slave States in a hopeless minority politically. General Lee was a Virginian by birth, and, when the armed struggle began, decided to stand by his State rather than by the Union. He graduated, as did also General Grant, at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, and was its Superintendent in the year 1852, and held the rank of colonel in the U.S. Army at the time when he was forced to decide which cause he would espouse. "President Lincoln offered him the command of the army which was already assembling around Washington. He quietly but firmly declined to lead an army of invasion. In a letter to General Scott, the senior General of the U.S. Army, of Mexican war fame, accompanying his resignation of April 20, 1861, he said: 'It would have been presented at once but for the struggle which it cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.' He also wrote to his sister: 'With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relations, my children, my home.' An American critic says: 'It was not with very high hopes that this able and chivalrous man entered the Confederate service. Nowhere in this collection of letters is there a word from General Lee to indicate that he expected the South to win. Only a faint ray of hope occasionally dawned upon him, when there was promise of European assistance; but it was only a faint ray, for he did not expect foreign intervention.' After the surrender at Appomattox, and under its terms, General Lee and his army were practically furnished with complete amnesty, so far as their personal liberty was concerned, but President Davis and Vice-President Stephens were arrested and indicted for treason. General Lee wrote a very sympathetic letter to Mrs. Davis while her husband was under arrest; President Davis was finally released, and not a single person was subjected to the death penalty by the Federal Courts for alleged treason. "These recollections and letters are an important contribution to the literature of the Civil War." Attention has been drawn to the deep religious spirit of General Lee and of the other leaders of the South and to their frequent services of prayer and praise during the progress of the war.

First Impressions

THE LIFE AND ART OF SANDRO BOTTICELLI. By Julia Cartwright. (Duckworth. 21s. net.)

THERE is but one bond of affinity which can defy the ravages of time and the stress of circumstances, and that bond is sympathy. To endeavour to trace the source of its birth is as hopeless a task as to try to solve the mystery of the origin of man; it is—the Beginning. The assertion, broad as it may seem, is equally true whether it be applied to human love, to religion, or to art, in so far as they can be said to have a separate existence. Individual meets individual; and there is an intuitive sense of attraction or repulsion. The moment comes when a man finds

himself face to face with the God of his ancestors, and he realises at once whether that God is a creed or a divine personality. The happy "ignoramus" looks at a work of art, and it either makes a direct appeal to him or has nothing to say which he can understand. A knowledge of details may lead to an adjustment of these first impressions; but if sympathy be acquired, it cannot be relied on; if more complete understanding raises barriers, there can never be total estrangement. Perfect fellowship is born of intuition and nurtured by intercourse.

A perfect fellowship with Botticelli must therefore have its origin in an inherent appreciation of his art. That sympathy once having asserted itself, it is wellnigh impossible to imagine better fare on which it can live and thrive than that provided by our author in her scholarly and inspired work. She gives us a complete word-picture of the time in which Botticelli lived—a picture technically correct, bold in composition, full of colour and charged with significance. The illustrations show us what the great Florentine master actually felt about the present in relation to the past and to the future. We see, feel and fully understand the evolution of his art.

As a pupil of Filippo Lippi, Botticelli learnt to appreciate the good things of life; by Pollaiuolo, the master-draughtsman, he was taught the science of technique. Thus equipped he set out to paint life as it appeared to him. We are shown how and to what extent Botticelli was inspired by the beautiful legends of Greece. He interpreted them in colour as Keats revealed them in verse—not as the story of a dead faith, but as the living germ of a new philosophy. This point is brought out so clearly that Miss Julia Cartwright has, let us hope, proved once and for all that Botticelli was not a pessimist. His "Venus" has a soul as well as body; she is the ideal goddess of Love, and not the personification of frivolity—the visualised image of a man who realised that with the birth of love comes an increased capacity for suffering. It is not in spite of but on account of the sad, wistful expression in the eyes of his "Venus" that we feel the triumph of love as the goddess rises from the foam.

We are indebted to the author for proving that Savonarola's influence over Botticelli was a wholly sane one and for showing how in his individual interpretation of Christian traditions the Florentine master blended mysticism and realism in a way which has never been surpassed. She is to be congratulated, too, on her choice of photographs from which the excellent illustrations are taken. A few bear the miscellaneous signatures of various well-known photographic artists, but a large proportion are stamped "Houghton." Mr. Houghton has not only studied photography, but he is fast bound to the art of Botticelli by the tie of sympathy. He has, too, the advantage of being intimately associated with that able critic, Mr. Berenson, whose works are so frequently quoted by our author. A man must know and love an artist before he can make the camera reveal so perfectly the charm of his pictures.

If the art of Botticelli has already made an appeal to us, or does so now through the medium of the illustrations in this book, we must certainly derive more pleasure from our intercourse with him after reading the story of his life and career as told by Miss Julia Cartwright.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

THROUGH TOWN AND JUNGLE: FOURTEEN THOUSAND MILES AWHEEL AMONG THE TEMPLES AND PEOPLE OF THE INDIAN PLAINS. By William Hunter Workman and Fanny Bullock Workman. (Unwin. 21s. net.) The title explains the scope of this volume, the com-

bined effort of two inveterate travellers whose lengthy qualifications and distinctions occupy quite a considerable space on the title-page. Various quaint little versions of the mother tongue point to the American origin of the authors, who indeed confirm that impression by the strenuousness of their travelling and the *naïveté* with which they recount the tale of their hardships. They must be credited, however, with indomitable perseverance and much careful notetaking. This ponderous tome is the result of several years' bicycling tours through the Indian peninsula, from the extremest southern point of the promontory to Srinagar and Peshawar in the north, and from Cuttack on the east across the whole breadth of India to Somnath Patan on the Arabian Sea. No mean feat, although to any one, save an American, there would be something inexpressibly unsympathetic in bicycling to and fro amid the relics of Indo-Aryan civilisation. Still it is eminently practical, and indeed might not have been possible in any other way. The book contains 202 illustrations, very nearly all of which are excellently reproduced from photographs taken by Dr. and Mrs. Workman. Every style of architecture is represented: Buddhist, Jain, Dravidian, Indo-Aryan, Mohammedan and Chalukyan, and these include not only the usually visited and tourist-haunted temples, but many shrines and ruins far off the beaten track, and now pictured for the first time. These photographs alone make the book very well worth possessing, for their historic and artistic value is great. Such blocks as the Somnathpur Temple; the Mohammedan Tomb near Rosa, Hyderabad; part of the hill scarps in which Ajanta caves are cut; and the Padmanatha Temple, Gwalior, are as interesting as they are instructive. Taken as a whole, the book is thoroughly well done, the writing is conscientious and unambitious. Much of the information is new, and the rest is well and tersely put. The index might, with advantage, be made somewhat more ample.

F. SCHLOESSER.

Verses

VAGABOND SONGS AND BALLADS OF SCOTLAND. Edited, with Notes, by Robert Ford. New and Improved Edition. (Paisley: Gardner.)

EGYPTIAN AND OTHER VERSES. By George Cookson. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE TRAGEDIES OF SENECA. Rendered into English Verse by Ella Isabel Harris. (Froude. 6s. net.)

HYMNS FROM THE GREEK OFFICE-BOOKS. Rendered by the Reverend John Brownlie. (Paisley: Gardner. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROBERT FORD's "Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland," previously published in two large volumes (of which the first, he tells us, are out of print), are now issued in a single volume. Some of the less characteristic songs are omitted, but, on the other hand, new tunes have been added, and sometimes fuller notes. The collection certainly merited reissue. The reader must not look for the fine poetry or high literary merit of many of the classical Scottish songs or ballads or yet for the striking musical quality found in so many of those songs. These are essentially popular songs, sung until recently among the peasantry and in a large number of cases, if not in most cases, preserved by oral tradition alone. Near a hundred (the editor states) have never before been collected. Of their popularity there can be no doubt. One (which the editor says Professor Aytoun in vain sought to recover) we have even heard in the North of England. All in greater or

less degree have the interest which attaches to the genuine songs of the people, now fast giving place to the ineffable trash of the music-halls, which, alas! may be heard in these days alike among the Welsh hills, the rural fields of England and the streets of India. Though sung by the people, not all are originally of popular origin; but such is no doubt mainly the case. The editor has added to the value of the collection by giving the airs of a large number of songs. Why he has not given the airs of all, or on what principle he has acted in regard to those (they are in the majority) of which the airs are not given, he affords us no hint. Anyway, in this more handy and compendious form the book should be popular.

Mr. Cookson's poems are mostly sonnets; and certainly it is in the sonnet that he is at his best. His sonnets are not remarkable: good and competent in workmanship, they are undistinguished in thought or emotional power. But they have one quality which gives to some of them a certain value—namely, a decided descriptive force, terse, compressed and not without imaginative touch.

To pass from Mr. Cookson to Seneca is to pass from poetry—in a measure—to rhetoric. It is not by his tragedies that Seneca is famous, or was famous even among his own countrymen and in his own day. Whether these academic, rhetorical and sometimes inflated exercises in an art for which he had no qualification be worth translation seems to us questionable. We cannot conceive to what class of reader they should appeal. The scholar will prefer to read the originals. The popular reader will find in them neither poetry nor dramatic power to attract him. But if they were to be translated, it should not have been after the fashion of Dr. Ella Isabel Harris. The one quality Seneca as a tragedian possesses—his rhetorical compression and point—here evaporates in a general droning languor. There is no touch of poetic or elevated diction, and Seneca aims at pomp. The blank-verse is very bald, wooden and *prosy*. And it is all blank-verse. We have not even the relief of the choric forms which break up the original. The choruses rumble on in the same monotonous, characterless blank-verse as the speeches.

Mr. Brownlie has attempted a praiseworthy task in endeavouring to give us renderings of the fine hymnody of the Greek Church. The offices of that Church are rich in hymns which deserve to be known in the West. We wish we could add that these "Hymns from the Greek Office-Books" were successful in the task they essay. But the truth is that they are nowhere more than respectable. They attain a certain level of serviceable mediocrity, on a par with the bulk of modern hymn-writing. But to appreciate the beauty of the originals the reader must still go to the originals. We say this with every sympathy for the motives and the modesty of the reverend translator, whose advice to the dissatisfied is "do better."

THE LOG OF THE GRIFFIN. By Donald Maxwell. (Lane, 10s. 6d. net.) As literature and as humour the best of this interesting description of a voyage from Switzerland is in the "pro-log." As pictures the black-and-white drawings are infinitely superior to the coloured. Possibly the latter were designed to help the generally ineffective blending of primary colours now brought to a pitch of practicability and called the three-colour process; but they do not by any means solve the difficulty. For economy of effort the drawing of a Necker house and a tower at Rheinfelden are particularly noteworthy.

Fiction

THE ROSE-SPINNER. By Mary Deane. (Murray, 6s.) When we get a Squire Meredyth, of Sothernwood Castle, the father of six lovely daughters who have the gift of seeing at times the family spook, a spinner who spins doom none the less surely that she spins roses instead of shrouds; when the time is the early days of King George I., with a certain James Francis Stuart, for whose person dead or alive a reward of one hundred thousand pounds is offered, wandering about in the neighbourhood; when, but little later, we are in the midst of all themoil and excitement of the South Sea Bubble—why then, of course, we know what to expect. Ah! but we do not. We are happily cozened by Miss Deane out of the stereotyped "costume" romance of commerce, and indulged with one of the most captivatingly frolicsome idylls that could be imagined, with just sufficient of the spice of adventure to give it a proper savour. Not since the days when Miss Broughton delighted us with "Joan" and "Belinda," with "Cometh up as a Flower" and "Good-bye, Sweetheart"; since Miss Mathers made us laugh and cry with "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "My Lady Green Sleeves," have we been introduced to such a fascinating group of girls as the Meredyth sisters. We wonder how it came about that, with daughters so romantically named as Myrtilla, Roseia and Stella, Mr. Meredyth ever condescended to a mere Jane. But, oh! how thankful we are that he did! Jane would not have been as sweet known by any other name. Dear, clever, curious, tantalising, winsome, sensible, incomparable Jane! We are sure that Mrs. Sopworthy included all these epithets when she called her "a quiseting caddling parcel of goods." We are not easily open to conviction about the chivalry and devotion of the conventional highwayman of fiction, but when Mr. Baxter's "posy" falls out of the little enamel box he has sent to Jane, and we read that "His Heart bends the knee before She," we are certain that he is as truthful and discerning as he is humoursome. But the tale of the dainties the book holds is too long for even cursory attention in the short space available. What a past-mistress in knavery is Kitty Fricker! What an old dear is Mrs. Quirina Blanchard, with her ever-ready remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to, which, though the principal constituents may vary from barberry-bark and agrimony to mugwort and dried mistletoe, seems always to have contained at least a quart of brandy and a quart of white wine! Mrs. Blanchard, too, is the possessor of an enviable faculty of epitomising the qualities of an acquaintance; Lady Carmillon, for instance, "has a reputation as spotted as a carriage-dog's skin," and the Honourable Mrs. Alexander is "a most virtuous woman, with a heart like a pebble and an eye to match." It is an altogether delightful novel, and the only change we venture to suggest is the correction in the next edition of the spelling of the name of Miss Austen, which in Chapter V. has an "i" where an "e" should be.

THE RING FROM JAIPUR. By Frances M. Peard. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) Miss Peard introduces the problem of the girl-wife who joins her husband in India and who, after a matter of a few months, becomes homesick or restless or both, and insists on returning to England, "to romp with Jack and Phil and Sissy and the dogs." This girl-wife, Patsy, is a very unsympathetic little baggage, and her husband, Mike, is of the variety known as a "good sort"; but, on occasion, he can be an awkward man, taking up a position "doggedly, savagely, standing stiffly, like a man braced to meet a blow." But the breach in the domestic peace is not his fault; Patsy admits that there is something wanting in her, but she claims that she has never deceived him; simply he does not understand her, and she does not want his worship. "It isn't her line," and "she can't warm to it." In a word, she is half afraid he bores her; and so she leaves him. Mind you, she is not entirely careless as to what her husband shall do in her absence, for she suggests that he shall "pull himself together, and lose a little at bridge." The mere male reader suspects that her husband is rather glad that she is returning to her happy

family circle. But it surprises Patsy that she is not to be admitted to the home circle on the old terms; her brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts are polite, but distant; she is given early to understand that the easy comradeship of the days before her marriage can no longer exist. But, what of Mike? Will he eat his heart out; will he fling himself into hard work, and, with worn muscles, sleep the clock around, night after night? No! there is a Mrs. Musgrave, whom he had known in earlier days and loved, who had seized an opportunity and married out into his regiment; who, in a sense, then, had followed him—followed him, Mike, whom his own wife considered a bore. It may be hinted with discretion that there is a distinct danger that Mike will drift her way. Time passes, and Patsy returns; but, to the minds of most people, her manners have not improved. The Indian business of the ring is not very essential to the development of the story, but apparently it has some laborious, if symbolic, meaning. The story is really brightly written, and is likely to be in much feminine demand at the libraries.

THE COMPANY OF DEATH. By Albert Louis Cotton. (Blackwood, 6s.) The author of this work has collected a great quantity of historical facts relating to Naples in 1647 and onward, at the period when the population of the Fair City rose, under their Fisherman King, Masaniello, to protest against Spanish tyranny and oppression. He then appears to have conceived the idea of weaving his threads of history into other threads of fiction, in order to make his book attractive. Unfortunately, he has failed, if this be his purpose. The two threads do not amalgamate into a harmonious whole. To the historical side of his book the author brings, it is evident, a great deal of patient research, but his style is rather dry and ponderous, and the romantic side of his work is not sufficiently interesting to counterbalance these defects. As a novel, we doubt if "The Company of Death" will appeal much to the general reader; but as a well-written and painstaking description of Naples, political, social and topographical, at that time, it has decided interest. Of course, there is a wicked Cardinal; what novel of the period is complete without one? Among the other characters, the most interesting after the unfortunate Masaniello are Salvator Rosa, that strange erratic genius, poet and painter, and his sister Claudia. For the German hero we cannot confess to feeling one spark of interest. The author evidently assumes that all his readers are Italian scholars, for sentences and long poetical quotations in that tongue are frequent.

THE ISLES OF SUNSET. By Arthur C. Benson. (Ibsister, 6s.) The realm of literature may be likened to a great forest filled with growths of all kinds, from the stateliest trees towering aloft, beacons and landmarks to the world, to the smallest fungus crowded away in damp and unwholesome darkness. There are flowers, too, in the forest; and mortals passing through, some with their eyes on the noble crests of verdure, some bent double searching for low-growing evils to feed a vivified taste, may chance to meet a faint perfume springing from a mossy bed. The seeker after great things will drop his eyes and smile; the earth-grubber will turn his head and sniff—"Violets," they will say, and pass on. Some, who love things pure and sweet, will pause and gather the violets and lay them away in memory's press, and a day may come when the great trees have been laid low by some fierce wind of science, or rotted in silent forgetfulness, but the scent of the violets will still be strong. Mr. Benson has given us a bunch of such violets in this collection of little stories. They may not be to the taste of all; some may smile and pass them by; but, for all that, they bring with them an atmosphere of crystalline purity, like the air of a mountain top on a clear day. They teem with human love and simple faith, and are written with an old-world simplicity which makes the occasional use of a modern-sounding name almost incongruous.

THE DARK SHIP. By Vincent Brown. (Duckworth, 6s.) Mr. Brown is so many things that it is difficult to label and pigeonhole him. He is first and foremost evidently

a dramatist, and this not only on the score of a singular facility in the contriving of the conversation that is sometimes described as verbal fencing, but even more on account of his keen eye for development of situations by means which, though generally unexpected and frequently odd, are almost invariably logical and convincing. Next, he is in everything he writes a symbolist, so that one sometimes wonders that his style should be so straightforward and free of structural obstacles. Then, again, he possesses an almost superhuman sympathy with the wrongdoer and the sufferer, so that, although in this narrative, as in former novels of his, one of the characters is a particularly despicable creature, we are not allowed to lose sight of the patently redeeming features, nor to have our sympathy entirely alienated from one who, in the novel of an older generation, would have been the villain of the story. The title is explained to us by the paraphrase "the ego drifting rudderless on the stormy waters," and the besetting sin of Derick Harpol, the aforesaid "villain," is neatly summarised as "emotional depravity." In sharp recoil from his previous novel, "A Magdalen's Husband," Mr. Brown gives us in the present volume a liberal allowance of pure comedy, and the descriptions of some of the characters, Mrs. Bartlet Morling, "gorgeous, dripping with diamonds," for instance, could not be bettered. This, too, from the brightest of the women, Mrs. Chersey, is memorable: "A woman may be more loyal to one man than to any of her own sex. But she is on the side of all the other women against all the other men." Altogether "The Dark Ship" is a welcome relief from the somewhat overpowering gloom of "A Magdalen's Husband," a gloom to which Mr. Brown too much inclines. And although we can accept the description Nigel Wassington in the present tale gives of his ideal author, "He can take me anywhere, even into the abyss, and he always brings me back not only undefiled, but with calmer eyes and more steadfast spirit," as in a large degree applicable to Mr. Brown's own aims and achievements, we prefer his company when his heart is not so overburdened with the pity of things.

THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER. By R. N. Stephens. (Nash, 6s.) "The Bright Face of Danger" moves in the main along the well-trodden road of cloak and sword romance, and adheres more closely than does the hero to the counsel given to that gentleman by his servant: "Never leave a highway for a byway." The daring and inexperienced boy dropped by chance into the thick of perilous intrigues and somehow managing to carry all before him, is a figure familiar to every reader. Henri de Launay in nowise departs from his type, and when he sets forth on his travels we foresee the bewilderment of coincidence and adventure into which he will be drawn, and foresee no less the happy close of all his difficulties. We are not perturbed when he is captured by the jealous Count de Lavardin and shut up in a tower prison under sentence of death; and when he kills his guards and escapes—bearing with him, of course, indisputable proof of the Count's treason—we are blithely confident that he will return with a rope-ladder and rescue the beautiful and persecuted Countess, just as two masked ruffians are at her throat. In two features, however, Mr. Stephens' romance differs from the average novel of its kind. The heroine, instead of being a mere lay-figure, is an individual and very appealing woman; slightly sketched, indeed, but real in her fine, unreasoning idealism. The other unexpected element is the ironical humour more than once displayed, which makes the book refreshing reading, despite its monotony of life-and-death struggles and hair-breadth escapes.

Short Notices

IMPERIAL VIENNA. By A. S. Levetus. Illustrated by Erwin Puchinger. (Lane, 18s. net.) It is somewhat difficult to discover the exact scope and purpose of a volume like "Imperial Vienna." It is too cumbersome for a guide-book, too fragmentary for history, and too matter of fact for literature. The author claims that "no one book has been

written which deals with Vienna throughout her different stages of development to the present day," and we must assume that his work is intended to supply the deficiency; but his account of old Vienna is too sketchy to convey any satisfactory impression. Few modern towns have an atmosphere and individuality more marked than the Imperial



"IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL"
[Frontispiece to "Six Great Schoolmasters" (Methuen)]

city by the Danube, and of this Herr Levetus (we take his foreign origin for granted) is well aware. Unhappily, he does not succeed in imparting the charm of which he has so much to say. His references to the ancient town are hopelessly inadequate, and though, when he comes to later days, he gives a fairly good narrative of the Napoleonic occupation, he is everywhere beset by the vice of the anecdote. In fact, he has not mastered his material or chosen his method. His descriptions and little snatches of old-world tradition and modern gossip may, however, recall, to those who know the place, happy loiterings on the Prater and days of study among the churches and galleries, while the tourist will find a certain amount of definite information pleasantly enough set forth. There are chapters on the artistic and musical history of Vienna, but these provide us with little critical consideration of the artists and much irrelevant detail as to their breakfasts and costume. It is not imperative that we should know that Brahms "always wore his nether garments turned up—*Bodenscheu*, the Viennese call it—whatever the weather might be." We have not been able to discover any mention of a translator, so we must suppose the book to have been written in English. In any case, foreign idioms abound, and such a curious slip as "granite-red"—presumably the author had *Granaten-roth* in mind—is more than once repeated. On the whole, the illustrator, who gives us such charming glimpses of Vienna and the Viennese, has not been well seconded by the author.

SIX GREAT SCHOOLMASTERS: HAWTREY, MOBERLY, KENNEDY, VAUGHAN, TEMPLE, BRADLEY. By F. D. How. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) These six headmasters, typical in a sense of many more of less eminence maybe but of almost equal personal influence, were purposely chosen by the author as representative of the period between 1835 and 1865, a time of considerable educational stress, when old customs definitely gave way to new, and whence we derive more or less directly our school methods of to-day. These sketch-lives are in the main general rather than personal; that is to say, one realises in each of them the man's aims, objects and achievements, rather than the man himself. This, to a certain extent, is

due to the author's somewhat dry and pedagogic style, which makes for environment rather than essentials. That he is didactic is perhaps, in the circumstances, hardly surprising, but in at least two cases out of the six he appears to lack sympathy with his subject. Nevertheless it is a good book of its kind; fair, impartial, just and kindly, and as an aid to the study of education during a rather trying time of partially strangled evolution noteworthy and important. There is a good and sufficient index.

LIFE OF EDNA LYALL. By J. M. Escreet. (Longmans, 5s. net.) Whatever we may think of Edna Lyall's gifts as a novelist, we cannot but respect and admire the woman. Her militant ever-hopeful spirit was always even from childhood too strong for her frail body. Hampered as she was by continual ill-health, she was ever brave and cheerful, ever thanking God for the blessings that were hers, and never repining because others were denied her. This biography is in one sense sad reading, so constant was her ill-health, yet the writer has caught something of Edna Lyall's optimism and shows us her bright cheery letters which so gladdened the recipients. Edna Lyall wrote because she felt she must, and started scribbling even before she had left school. In taking up the pen she regarded it not as a means of amusing people or making money, but as a weapon, the only one she could take up, to be used on the side of justice and truth. She was ever ready to take sides and to "right the wrong" as were her fighting ancestors. In speaking of the high standard which she considered all actors, novelists and dramatists should strive for, she echoes the words of Cervantes, "Could I by any means suppose that these novels would excite one evil thought or desire in those who read them, I would rather cut off the hand with which I write than give them to the people." The author of the "Life" has been content to show Edna Lyall, the woman, rather than attempt any critical remarks on her novels, and in this he has succeeded admirably. We are made to realise the woman, her efforts and her work, her friendships and her ideals. The book is not too long but just long enough; every page has something of interest, for Edna Lyall had a rarely charming personality under a shy, somewhat plain exterior. There are, no doubt, thousands who have enjoyed and perhaps found help in her books who will be glad to possess this very well written story of her life.

LITERARY GEOGRAPHY. By William Sharp. ("Pall Mall Magazine," 10s. 6d. net.) Mr. Sharp has achieved his purpose, to produce "a readable companion in times of leisure" for those who are lovers of the authors dealt with—Mr. George Meredith, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, and others. The illustrations and maps are very good; in short, the literary tourist could not wish for a more charming "companion" as he travels our own country. It is not a volume for the learned but for the learner. Perhaps Mr. Sharp will soon oblige us with a similar volume on some of our older writers, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, for examples.

MORE QUEER THINGS ABOUT JAPAN. By Douglas Sladen and Norma Lorimer. (Treherne, 21s. net.) A handsome volume outwardly and inwardly, which will meet with a cordial welcome, being compact of interesting information. Both writers wield a picturesque pen, and those who would pay a visit by proxy to Japan cannot do better than read this interesting volume. Included in the contents is a reprint of the letters of Will Adams, written from Japan in 1611-17, originally published in an out-of-print volume of the Hakluyt Society. It is pleasant and right that the letters of the sturdy mariner should be available again. The illustrations are handsome and well printed. Altogether a useful book and one to be recommended.

NUREMBERG. By Hermann Uhde-Bernays. (Siegle, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.) A pleasant, chatty talk about the famous and beautiful old city. The coloured frontispiece is delightful, and the photographs quite of the best.

Reprints and New Editions

I am indeed glad to see the name of Disraeli on the back of one of my reprints—the first volume of the Young England edition of selections of his novels (Brimley Johnson, 5s. each net). It is VIVIAN GREY—surely one of the most interesting of Disraeli's novels. If only as the work of a budding genius not yet out of his teens, who afterwards himself said: "Genius when young is divine," it would be full of interest to the admirer of his subsequent greatness; but it is more than that, and it has fittingly been chosen as "the best prelude to a study of the Young England movement." This is the aim of the series, which will comprise the present volume and three others—"Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred." All these novels have so much political significance that the student of politics cannot afford to neglect them. I am glad to see that the editor of the series—Mr. Bernard N. Langdon-Davies—is giving us these works as they were originally issued, and not cut and hacked about, as they were in later years. The present volume is illustrated by Mr. Byam Shaw, whom I shall not attempt to praise, and its *format* is really admirable; the letterpress is particularly clear and agreeable to read.—The books for children: First, a cheap reprint of a selection of LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE (Jack, 6d.). It is a good, serviceable little book. Secondly, THE CHILDREN'S SCOTT (Jack, 1s. 3d.), simple selections from the works of Sir Walter Scott, chosen and annotated by Thomas Cartwright. It is quite an attractive volume, with plenty of suitable illustrations and as few notes as possible. It is specially suited for school use, and should surely serve to arouse the children's interest in Scott's works.—Now I take up three devotional books: A BOOK OF THE LOVE OF JESUS is an excellent collection of ancient English devotions in prose and verse (Ibsbister, 3s. 6d. net). It has been compiled and edited by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, priest of the diocese of Westminster. It is very attractively "got up," with a limp leather binding, artistically decked with gold.—The other two books are SELECTED SERMONS OF BISHOP LATIMER and of GEORGE WHITEFIELD (The World's Great Preachers, R.T.S., 1s. each), with introductions and notes by the Rev. A. R. Buckland. I wonder how many of the sermons of to-day will be reprinted centuries hence!—THE LOVE POEMS OF BYRON in a fascinating binding (the Lovers' Library, Lane, 1s. 6d., 2s., and 3s. net). It is a dainty enough volume to please the most captious critics. Santa Claus should make a note of it.—Byron again; this time in that delightful series the Red Letter Library (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net), with an introduction by Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons says: "Byron is to be judged by the whole mountainous mass of his work, and not by any fragment of coloured or glittering spar which one's pick may have extricated from the precipitous hillside. His work is a kind of natural formation, high enough to climb, and wide enough to walk on."—IN MEMORIAM, in the same library, has an introduction by Mrs. Meynell, who rates Tennyson as "a modern angel of poetry."—Once again the GOLDEN TREASURY OF SONGS AND LYRICS has been reprinted (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net). This time it is attired in a spring-like green, which is meant, perhaps, to suggest the "evergreens" within. The cover is tooled in gold, and altogether it is a very attractive volume. Such books make one impatient of plainer bindings. Nowadays we dress our poetry handsomely.—I am glad to have my BACCHÆ OF EURIPIDES so ably translated by Professor Gilbert Murray (Allen, 1s. net). The price is small, but the value is great.

"You glance at your own faults, your eyes are blear;
You eye your neighbour's—straightway you see clear,
Like hawk or basilisk; your neighbours pry
Into your frailties with as keen an eye."

I have taken this passage from THE SATIRES, EPISTLES AND ARS POETICA OF HORACE (Pocket Book Classics, Bell, 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. net). Many, I doubt not, will be glad to have such an exceedingly handy

edition, with the Latin text complete, ready to put in their pocket book, to be taken thence at odd spare moments.—A most imposing stack of books now calls for attention—some more novels of Alexandre Dumas (Methuen). This prince of storytellers is well represented; there are no fewer than seven volumes—GEORGES, THE PRINCE OF THIEVES, THE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE (Parts I. and II.), NANON, FERNANDE and CATHERINE BLUM. How many exciting evenings we may spend an we wish! They will not cost us much, for the double volumes in paper are only a shilling, the single numbers sixpence; while, if we prefer a stout cloth cover, it can be bought for 2s. Who would not have a Dumas collection now?

F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

On November 28 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish Mr. James Pinnock's "Wander Years round the World."—Readers of that successful Irish story "My New Curate" will be interested in hearing that a new volume of stories by Father Sheehan is about to appear.—Mr. Unwin is publishing a pamphlet by Mr. Gibson Bowles, M.P., entitled "Our National Finance: An Imminent Peril."—Mr. Max Pemberton has of late been engaged in writing a novel dealing with that dramatic period which saw Napoleon's return from Elba and his defeat at Waterloo. The first instalment of this novel, which is entitled "The Hundred Days," will be given in the Christmas Number of "Cassell's Magazine."—Another addition to the De La More Booklets will be shortly issued, namely, Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The marginal epitome, usually printed in small type and serving only to worry the reader, has been collected and placed at the beginning, like an "Argument," and this forms a prose paraphrase possessing an interest not realised in its fragmentary state.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Stalker, Dr. J., John Knox, his Ideas and Ideals (Hodder & Stoughton), 3/6.
Plummer, The Rev. A., D.D., English Church History (T. and T. Clark), 3/0 net.
Taylor, The Ven. S. M., The Training of Children (S.P.C.K.), 0/1.
Calendar of the Holy Child (S.P.C.K.), 0/6.
Benson, R. H., A Book of the Love of Jesus (Ibsbister), 3/6 net.
Thomas, The Rev. W. H. G., The Apostle Peter (R.T.S.), 3/6.
The Declaration of Clergy on Ritual (S.P.C.K.), 3/0.
Waddy, The Rev. Stacy (S.P.C.K.), 1/6.
Legg, J. W., The Reformed Breviary of Cardinal Tommasi (S.P.C.K.), 3/0.
Wollaston, A. N., The Religion of the Koran (Orient Press), 1/0 net.
Carpenter, Dr. Boyd, The Christ-Child and the Three Ages of Man (Dent), 0/6 net.
Davidson, Archbishop, The Christian Opportunity (Macmillan), 3/6 net.

Poetry Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

van Dyke, H., Music and Other Poems (Hodder & Stoughton), 5/0 net.
Sherman, F. D., Lyrics of Joy (Houghton, Mifflin), \$1 net.
Wilson, General J. G., Thackeray in the United States, 2 vols. (Smith, Elder), 18/0 net.
Campbell, Lewis, Tragic Drama in Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare (Smith, Elder), 7/6.
Murray, Grace A., Introspective Essays (Stock), 3/6.
Bain, F. W., In the Great God's Hair (Parker), 5/0 net.
Tozer, The Rev. H. F., Dante's Divine Commedia (Oxford Press), 3/6 net.
Parkinson, J., Lays of Love and War (Ardrossan, Guthrie).
E. G. O., Egomet (Lane), 3/6 net.
Harris, F. Clifford, Seven Monologues (Monte Carlo Publishing Co.), 1/0.
Barbeau, A., Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century (Heinemann), 15/0 net.
D'Arblay, Madame, Diary and Letters, Vol. I. (Macmillan), 10/6 net.
Robinson, E. (Translated by), Poems of 1848 and Earlier Days (Sherratt & Hughes), 3/6 net.

History and Biography

Trevelyan, G. M., England under the Stuarts (Methuen), 10/6 net.
Conway, Moncure Daniel, Autobiography, Memories and Experiences, 2 vols. (Cassell), 30/0 net.
Freeman, E. A., Western Europe in the Fifth Century (Macmillan), 10/0 net.
Johnston, J. O., Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. (Longmans), 15/0 net.
Story, D., The Campaign with Kuropatkin (Laurie), 10/6 net.
Forrest, G. W., A History of the Indian Mutiny, 2 vols. (Blackwood), 38/0 net.
Cowen, T., The Russo-Japanese War (Arnold), 15/0 net.
O'Connor, W. D., Heroes of the Storm (Houghton, Mifflin), \$1.50.
King, L. W., Records of the Reign of Tukulti-Ninib I. (Lusac), 6/0 net.
Ewen, A., Shakespeare (Miniature series) (Bell), 1/0 net.
Thorne, E. H., Bach (Miniature series) (Bell), 1/0 net.

Strafford, Countess of, *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville* (Smith, Elder), 14/0.
 Hughes, Mrs., *Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott* (Smith, Elder), 10/6 net.
 Steel, Caroline A. J., *The Council in the Marches of Wales* (Rees), 2/6.
 Nicholson, Dr. J. S., *The History of the English Corn Laws* (Sonnenschein), 2/6.

Art

Great Pictures in Private Galleries, reproduced in Colour, Part I. (Cassell), 0/7 net.
 Dick, S., *Arts and Crafts of Old Japan* (Foulis), 3/6 net.
Photograms of the Year, 1904 (Dawbarn & Ward), 2/0 net.
The Venture (Baillie), 7/6 net.
 Reinach, S., *The Story of Art Throughout the Ages* (translated by F. Simmonds) (Heinemann), 10/0 net.
 Hartley, C., *Gasquoine* (Mrs. W. Gallichan), *A Record of Spanish Painting* (Walter Scott), 10/6 net.

Travel and Topography

Harper, C. G., *The Hardy Country* (Black), 6/0.
 Bax, P. B. I., *The Cathedral Church of Saint Asaph* (Bell), 1/6 net.
 Notes on the Cathedrals: Truro (S.P.C.K.), 0/1.
 Notes on the Abbey Churches: Westminster (S.P.C.K.), 0/1.
 Shoemaker, M. M., *The Heart of the Orient* (Putnam), 10s. 6d. net.
 Hewlett, M., *The Road in Tuscany*, in two volumes (Macmillan), 21/0 net.

Educational

London University Guide and Calendar, 1905, 2 vols. (U.T.P.).
 Hewitt, H. M., and Beach, G., *Our Mother Tongue* (U.T.P.), 3/6.
 Cappon, J., *What Classical Education Means, The Problem in Canada* (Kingston, Ont.: Jackson Press).
University College of North Wales Calendar, 1904-5 (Bangor).
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare (second series) (Jack), 0/6.
Round the World, Tales of Travel (Jack), 0/10.
Round the World: Land and Water (Jack), 1/0.
Round the World: Our English Home (Jack), 1/3.
 Ellery, T. B., *The "Council" Arithmetic for Schools, Part I.* (Black), 0/2.
 Baker, W. M., and Bourne, A. A., *Examples in Algebra* [also Part I. (1/6), Part II. (2/6)] (Bell), 3/0.
 Socrates Spiro Bey, *Notes on the Italian Words in the Modern Spoken Arabic of Egypt* (Cairo: Al Mokattam Printing Office).
Learning to Read, Step Three (Jack), 0/6.
Synthetical Maps: Indian Empire; British South Africa (Black), 0/1 each.
 Firth, G. H., *A Plea for the Historical Teaching of History* (Clarendon Press), 1/0 net.

Miscellaneous

Sladen, Douglas, and Lorimer, Norma, *More Queer Things about Japan* (Treherne), 21/0 net.

Juvenile

Farrow, G. E., *"The Cinematograph Train"* (Brimley Johnson), 5/0.
 Meade, L. T., *"A Modern Tomboy"* (Chambers), 5/0; Neatby, E., *"New Treasure Seekers"* (Unwin), 5/0; Hyde, L. S., *"Favourite Greek Myths"* (Harrap), 2/6 net; *"Grimm's Fairy Tales"* (illustrated by Helen Stratton) (Blackie), 5/0; Kingsley, O., *"The Heros"* (Blackie), 2/0; Ballantyne, R. M., *"Ungara"* (Blackie), 2/0; Hewett, G. M. A., *"The Rat"* (Animal Autobiographies) (Black), 6/0; Rutherford, E. M., *"The Prince and the Pudding"* (Priory Press), 0/6 net; *"The New Adventures of Foxy Grandpa,"* by "Bunny" (Chambers), 3/6 net; Johnson, M., *"A Bunch of Keys"* (Chambers), 2/6; Gotch, P. M., *"Tuffy and the Mer-boo"* (Brimley Johnson), 6/0; Pyle, K., *"Careless Jane"* (Chambers), 2/6; Rivers, Angela, *"The Discipline of Emmeline Hope"* (R. T. S.), 2/0; Baird, Dorothy, *"By the Path of the Storm"* (R. T. S.), 2/0; Reed, T. B., *"Roger Ingleton, Minor,"* and *"Sir Ladar"* (R. T. S.), 3/6 each; Moore, H. C., *"Through Flood and Flame"* (R. T. S.), 2/0; Kearton, R., *"The Adventures of Cook Robin and his Mate"* (Cassell), 6/0; *"God our Saviour"* (Mowbray), 3/6; Outonault, R. F., *"Buster Brown and his Resolutions"* (Chambers), 3/6 net; *"Giddy-go-Round"* (Warne), 2/0 net; *"Three Blind Mice,"* (Warne), 1/0 net; *"Tom Thumb,"* (Warne), 1/0 net; *"The Three Little Pigs,"* (Warne), 1/0 net; Carr, K., *"A Rank Outsider"* (Melrose), 5/0; Lee, A., *"England's Story"* (Melrose), 5/0; Haydon, A. L., *"With Pizarro the Conquistador"* (Melrose), 5/0; Wodehouse, P. G., *"William Tell Told Again"* (Black), 6/0; *"The Dawn of Day,"* 1904 (S.P.C.K.), 1/0; *"Stories from Shakespeare for Children,"* King Henry V., The Merchant of Venice (Dent), 1/0 net each.

Reprints and New Editions

Thackeray, W. M., *The Adventures of Philip* (Macmillan), 3/6.
 Proctor, the Rev. F. B., *Classified Gems of Thought* (Hodder & Stoughton), 5/0.
 Diaraeli, B., *Vivian Grey* (Brimley Johnson), 5/0 net.
 Gant, F. J., *From our Dead Selves to Higher Things* (Stock), 2/6 net.
 Emerson, R. W., *The Works of, Vol. III.: Society and Solitude—Letters and Social Aims—Addresses* (Bell), 2/0 and 3/0 net.
 The Satires, Epistles and Ars Poetica of Horace (Bell), 1/6, 2/0, and 2/6 net.
 Shelley, P. B., *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson* (Avon Booklet) (Wimbledon, Thomson).
 Milton, *Love Poems* (Lane), 1/6, 2/0, and 3/0 net.
 Milton, *Poetical Works*, illustrated by W. Hyde (Astolat Press), 63/0 net.
 Foulke, W. D., *Slav or Saxon* (Putnam), \$1.
 Hubert, P. G., *Liberty and a Living* (Putnam), 5/0 net.
 Williams, Mrs. L., *A Manual of Toy Dogs* (Appleton), 2/0 net.
 Rosebery, Lord, *Napoleon, the Last Phase* (Humphreys), 7/6 net.
 Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens; King Richard II.; Merry Wives of Windsor; The Winter's Tale* (Heinemann), 0/6 each net.
 Browning, E. B., *Poetical Works* (Oxford Press), 2/0.
 Tennyson, Poems (Oxford Press), 2/0.
 Moore, G., *Confessions of Young Man* (Laurie), 6/0.
 Donne, J., *Selected Poems*; King, H., *Elegies*; Walton, I., *Verse-Remains*; Fletcher, P., *Selected Poetry* (Orinda Booklets V. and VI.) (Tutin), 0/6 net each.
 Robertson (of Brighton), F. W., *Ten Sermons* (Allenson), 0/6.
 Swinburne, A. C., *Poems*, Vol. V. (Chatto & Windus).
 Forrester-Walker, C. (translated by), *Romance of a Harem* (Greening), 1/6 and 2/0 net.

Latham, E., *Famous Sayings and their Authors* (Sonnenschein), 7/6.
 Wadis, P. A., *The Philosophers and the French Revolution* (Sonnenschein), 2/6.

Good Words, 1904 (Ibister), 7/6.
Letts's Office Diary, 1905, 10/0; No. 41, Rough Diary, 1905, 5/0, 6/6, and 8/0; No. 31, Rough Diary, 1905, 1/6 and 2/6; Office Diary, 1905, 4/6; Pocket Diary, 1905, 2/6; Pocket Diary, 1905, No. 17, 1/0; Daily Health Diary, 1905, 1/6, 2/0, and 2/6; One Day Pocket Diary, 1905, No. 99, 1/6 and 2/0; Diary for 1905, No. 16, 1/0; Office Calendar, 1905, 2/0 (Cassell).

Markiew, E., *The Devil's Dialogues with Aiman* (Preston, The Medium Press), 1/0.

Light and Power (Drake & Gorham), 1/6.

Gill, J. F., *How to Build a Petrol Motor* (Dawbarn & Ward), 0/6 net.
 Cardiff Public Libraries, Annual Report.

Electricity: Its Place and Power in the Universe (Glasgow, William Hodge), 1/0 net.

Drinkwater, A. E., *Music in Speech, Drama, and Song* (London, Trinity College of Music), 0/6.

Meredith, H. O., *Protection in France* (King), 3/6 net.

Stewart, C., *The Highland Experiment in Land Nationalisation* (Humphreys), 0/6.

Report on the Administration of the Government Museums and Connemara Public Library (Madras: Government Press).

Fiction

Wright, R. H., *"A Plain Man's Tale"* (Belfast, M'Caw, Stevenson); Duncan, N., *"Doctor Luke"* (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; Eddy, U., *"Fetters of Gold"* (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; Lloyd, N., *"The Soldier of the Valley"* (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; Gissing, A., *"Wytha Wytha"* (Arrow-smith), 6/0; Hales, A. G., *"Little Blue Pigeon"* (Hutchinson), 6/0; Walcot, B., *"A Doubtful Character"* (Digby, Long), 6/0; Platts, W. C., *"Bunkumelli"* (Digby, Long), 3/6; Trafford-Taunton, Winefield, *"The Redemption of Damian Gier"* (Digby, Long), 6/0; Shore, W., *Teignmouth*, *"The Talking Master"* (Ibister), 6/0; Bretherton, H., *"His Young Importance"* (Heinemann), 6/0; London, Jack, *"The Sea-Wolf"* (Heinemann), 6/0; Sergeant, A., *"The Waters of Oblivion"* (Long), 6/0; Reynolds, Mrs. F., *"The Book of Angelus Drayton"* (Long), 6/0; Watson, H. B., *Marriott, "Hurricane Island"* (Ibister), 6/0; Weston, Margaret, *"Pamela's Choice"* (Ibister), 6/0; Raine, W., *Macleod, "For Love and Honour"* (Ibister), 6/0; Tyman, Katharine, *"Julia"* (Smith, Elder), 6/0; Moore, F., *Frankfort, "The Other World"* (Nash), 6/0; Baring-Gould, S., *"Siegfried"* (Dean), 6/0; Winter, John Strange, *"The Little Aunt"* (White), 6/0; Goldie, Mrs. Barré, *"The Discipline of Christine"* (Alston Rivers), 6/0; Carey, Rosa N., *"The Highway of Fate"* (Macmillan), 3/6; Spurrell, H., *"At Sunrise"* (Greening), 6/0; Kenyon, C. R., *"Clive Forrester's Gold"* (R.T.S.), 1/6; Laughlin, Clara E., *"Divided"* (Revell), 2/0 net.

Periodicals, &c.

"The Artist Engraver," *"Westminster Review,"* *"North American Review,"* *"Our Hospitals and Charities,"* *"University Record"* (Chicago), *"Library World,"* *"Good Health,"* *"Liberal Churchman,"* *"Ainslee's,"* *"Indian Antiquary,"* *"Woman at Home"* (Christmas Number), *"Royal"* (Christmas Number), *"Albany Magazine"* (Christmas Number), *"Pall Mall Magazine"* (Christmas Number).

Booksellers' Catalogues

Mr. Albert Sutton (Rare), Manchester; Mr. B. H. Blackwell (Classical), Oxford; Mr. Francis Edwards (Miscellaneous), 83 High Street, Marylebone; Messrs. Barnicot & Pearce (General), Taunton; Mr. Frank Murray (Rare and General), Derby; The Chaucer Book Company (Rare, etc.), 37 St. Martin's Court.

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Funk-Brentano, F., and D'Estrée, P., *Les Nouveautés* (Paris: Hachette). Holzhausen, P., *Bonaparte, Byron und die Briten* (Frankfurt, Moritz Dieterweg), 6m. and 7m.

Theological and Biblical

Spielberg, O., *Die Morale der Weltordnung ohne Gott* (Bamberg: Handels-Druckerei).

History and Biography

Sorel, A., *L'Europe et la Révolution Française; huitième partie: La Coalition, les Traité de 1815* (Paris: Plon), 8f. Tacite, *Les Annales* (traduction nouvelle par L. Loiseau) (Paris, Garnier Frères)

Science

Czapski, Dr. S., *Grundzüge der Theorie der Optischen Instrumente* (Leipzig: J. A. Barth).

Educational

Lebesgue, P., *L'Au-delà des Grammaires* (Paris: Sansot et Cie).

Miscellaneous

Encyclopaedia van Nederlandesch-Indië (Leiden: E. J. Brill).

Periodicals, &c.

"L'Occident," *"Le Mois Scientifique."*

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

of

"THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE"

will be published on December 3.

My Book of Memory—VIII

I was a fortunate youth in that foreign travel formed no small part of my education. My journeyings were chiefly confined to the northern portions of Europe: Belgium, Holland, Germany, much direct pleasure and indirect profit resulting therefrom. Many impressions of those early days remain firm fixed in my book of memory.

I recall very vividly a sleepless summer night, spent in a stuffy, hot little bedroom in a hotel at Amsterdam. Sleep failing me, I read till dawn began to make grey the blackness; what my book was I cannot remember. Then I pulled up the blind and sat beside the open window, looking out on the river and the quays, the masses of roofs—for I was perched on high—the ferry, the emptiness and the cleanness of early morn. I do not think I had ever realised how beautiful is the dawning of a day, and ever since it has been matter of wonderment to me that so few have written of it, whereas so many have sung and prosed of the sunset. The town wakened slowly; it was chiefly the ferry that I watched; the ferryman came early to his work, bearing his oars upon his shoulder. The first to ask his aid were two small children, a boy and a girl, the latter bearing a big, white parcel; what could be their business at this early hour, I asked myself. Then came along a stumbling labourer; was he returning home from a night's debauch or sleep-laden going forth to his work? A woman, another man, so gradually the traffic livened, labour was claiming its slaves. Then I went to bed again and slept.

The Rhine has always owned a faithful fascination for me; the first time I journeyed up it everything was so strange, so new, so wonderful, that I saw but little; again and again have I passed from Bonn to Coblenz or to Mainz, every time rejoicing more greatly. One week I passed at quiet Rolandseck, doing nothing, trying to sketch but desisting, disgusted with my wretched copyings of nature. To live thus in some little village by the broad stream is the only way to acquire a true understanding of the Rhine. The greatness as well as the beauty sinks into your soul, becomes part of you for ever. You realise gradually, surely, that the Rhine gold is no mere dross, but the essence of beauty and of romance. Throw away your guide-books and your pilgrims of the Rhine; learn to love the noble river from its own teaching; no pen or pencil can picture it for you; it is not a concrete matter—it is an atmosphere.

Another delight of my memory is Weimar, whose streets are haunted by the presences of Goethe, Schiller, Thackeray, Wagner. It is—or was, for, alas, it is many years since I was there—a happy little town of serene dignity and homely pleasures. We went to the theatre one evening, with the good citizens, their wives and their daughters, homely pleasure lovers, and listened to the old-world strains of an opera by Adam. Then out into the moonlit night and the peaceful streets with their black shadows. Another city I visited with Thackeray for companion was Hanover town, whence we walked out to Herrenhausen, and I sat in the old-fashioned garden, with its clipped hedges, its statues, its fountains, reading "The Four Georges." Indeed, of all travelling comrades books are the most genial and the most gentle. Not books of travel, they are for the home fireside, but tales that have for background the scenery you are looking upon or histories which deal with men and women who have dwelt and worked in the cities you are visiting.

There is a dream which I fear me I shall never make into a reality, to follow the footsteps of Gerard, the son of Eli, from Holland unto Rome. What a splendid pilgrimage would it be! Adventures such as his would not come to me, for the road has lost much in romance as it has gained much in comfort; but though I should not combat with battle, murder, and sudden death, I should see much to delight me, and should have for fellow-voyagers the sedate Gerard and the man of the bow, who would doubtless bid me be of good courage when weary and depressed, "for the devil is dead."

To Eisenach I once went with mixed motives, to meet Luther, Bach, and Tannhäuser. The first was the least real presence to me; of Bach I drank my fill, listening to his learned yet touching music in the old church; Doctor Joachim conducting and Franz Liszt a rapt listener. Then one morning up to the Wartburg, but Luther was not there; I could not see him; but I did see many minstrels, Tannhäuser of their number, and Wolfram; the magic of the place was that of old days, when Herda ruled in the hearts of the people, as perchance she still does, and the priests of Christ preached a newer creed, the belief in powers of heaven not of the earth. Yes, travel brings us near to that frame of mind in which men fall down and worship before mother earth, call her by what name you will. The German countryside is full of spirits of the woods, of the rocks, of the streams. Go up to the Harz Mountains, walk there by the tumbling rivers, clamber up the narrow gorges, climb over the steep hills, sit beneath the shadows of the boulders, or lie at length on the soft earth in the green depths of the forests; you turn pagan; you hearken to the nymphs sighing; you hear in the bowels of the earth the gnomes tapping with their hammers; and as night closes in and the wind grows cold there are the witches whirring through the air to their unholy meeting-places; dark shades fit between the gnarled trunks of the trees and—the solemn ringing of a chapel bell awakens you, drags you back from yesterday. In your pocket, as you travel through the Harz, be sure you have a volume of Heine; he was a Pagan and knew the secrets of romance. Goslar, grey and hoary, with splendid relics of bygone glory, stands still, unmoved, in the shadows of the hills, and you may meet Wordsworth and Coleridge walking in its antique streets, though what Wordsworth had to do there I cannot surmise.

Heine—Düsseldorf—Napoleon; sit there in the hot sun in the broad street, dream, and you will see repeated for your delectation the splendid vision—for poets see visions in realities—that was presented to the boy poet: Napoleon riding in all his majesty, his Greek-god face implacable, unfathomable.

The days when the youth of our country made the grand tour have long since passed; do our boys and girls of to-day who travel see much or understand anything? Was it not Ruskin who said that we do not travel now, we are despatched as parcels from one place unto another? But those of us who love to see can use our eyes still, the dust and hurry of our times need not be blinding. Easy is it to escape from the beaten track, to fly from to-day, to drop back into ages that are almost primitive. There are simple folk still and simple ways; paths seldom, if ever, beaten by the feet of the globetrotter. Let us seek them, love them, cherish them, show them not to all men, but only to a few friends who

will love them also. Travel, read; read and travel, study men, places and books, that is education, but I would not limit myself to those places, those men, or those books acclaimed by the world; the highway is dusty; coolness, shade, much of beauty, are to be found in the byways.

E. G. O.

The New Phrenology

It is quite apparent to us to-day that there was nothing irrational or even improbable in the root-idea of phrenology as expounded by its founders, Gall and Spurzheim. Like their followers, they may well have pretended to know more than they did and may have therefore justly laid themselves open to the charge of quackery; but they did make sincere anatomical investigations; and they had an idea. To jeer is human and easy: to jeer with judgment is a rarer art. We do not always nicely distinguish between the varieties of what we are pleased to label superstition. Palmistry, phrenology, alchemy, astrology are not to be dismissed with indiscriminate and impartial contempt. Telling fortunes from skin-folds and casting horoscopes are superstitions pure and simple: but seeking to transmute one metal into another was neither irrational nor necessarily futile, as radium has shown; and there is no reason in the world why reading character by bumps should not be possible—assuming certain anatomical facts to be modified.

The phrenologist's initial problem was to discern the form of the brain by reference to the form of the skull. He failed egregiously for two reasons. His bumps, in the first place, are merely places where the cranial bones are thicker than elsewhere. These bones consist of two hard "tables," with a soft intervening portion in which run the blood-vessels and other structures. This intervening portion, or *diploë*, is thickest at the point where the membrane from which the bone is formed first began to ossify. The phrenologist's bumps merely indicate past "centres of ossification." In the second place, the phrenologist failed, because he had no accurate information as to the portions of brain that actually underlie any given area of cranium. It was a man now living, indeed—Sir William Turner, the *doyen* of anatomists—that first ascertained the actual correspondence of a given "bump" with a given convolution of the cerebrum. Cranial surgery, thanks to Pasteur and Lister, having come into being, it is, of course, essential that the surgeon shall be able to know where to go for any particular area of brain, and students are still hard at work on this subject.

But supposing we imagine that the cranium can be removed or rendered transparent, as, in a measure, the Röntgen-rays permit, will the assertions of the phrenologist hold good? If he could handle the living brain—as the surgeon often does—could he read character therefrom? The answer is unequivocal. He could discern nothing whatsoever, though he were Broca and Schäfer and Horsley and Ferrier and all the other students of cerebral localisation rolled into one.

But before we note a few of the things which these founders of the new phrenology cannot tell us—things far more interesting and important to remember, for all but the physician, than those which they can tell us—let us note the latter.

At the present day the new phrenology can locate, with very great precision, the areas, on each side of the

brain, wherein one feels the sensation of touch and whereby one moves the voluntary muscles—the motor or sensori-motor areas; the areas on the left side of the brain whereby a right-handed man speaks, writes, reads, understands spoken language: four centres, two motor, two sensory, which replace the old phrenologist's bump of language. In a left-handed man these centres are in the right brain. Furthermore, we know the hearing centre, which merely hears sounds, spoken language included, but cannot understand; the music centre, in front of the hearing centre, on the left or right, according as the person is left- or right-brained. (The right-handed person is, of course, left-brained, the nervous fibres crossing over in their course from brain to muscle or skin to brain.) We also know the visual area whereby we see. If it be intact you can discern the form of these words: but they are as an unknown tongue unless your word-seeing or reading centre be also intact and ready to interpret the messages sent it from the visual centre. This last, by the way, is in the most posterior portion of the cerebrum—the veritable eyes of each of us being at the back of his head. The new phrenology can also locate, with somewhat less precision, the areas of brain whereby we smell, taste, appreciate temperature, pain (the general surface of the brain, touched or cut by the surgeon, is utterly insensitive); and those whereby we breathe, control the beating of the heart and a hundred other functions.

Supposing, then, that a tumour grows in the area of brain which supplies your left leg. In addition to the general symptoms you will have "localising symptoms"—twitching or paralysis of that limb. The surgeon cuts down upon the right hemisphere of the cerebrum, thus indicated, and often succeeds in removing the tumour. This knowledge, then, is of "use," and is also, I think, full of intrinsic interest. But when the brain has been mapped out by the neurologist there remain great blank spaces, whereon nothing can be written. A tumour growing therein tells the surgeon nothing as to its whereabouts, save that he knows where it is not. He calls such areas "silent." Amongst them is the most characteristic part of the human brain, the frontal region—the breadth of which gave his name to the greatest metaphysician of antiquity. And even when neurologists can locate for us the area that discharges every known function—visceral, sensory and motor—the greater part of the cerebral cortex will, I think I am safe in saying, be *unaccounted for*. What does this mean?

Perhaps we may guess the answer if we note the omissions in the new phrenology. They closely correspond with the positive assertions of the old. We know no centres for "philoprogenitiveness," "judgment," "vanity" and so forth. We have made a little progress with music and language and—therefore, I suppose—a little progress with poetry. But even with these divine arts we are not far from the sensuous or sensory: "judgment" is a stage more subtle. The new phrenology has not yet localised "number" or any intellectual trait whatsoever. It has told us nothing at all about any of the emotions. Though it is particularly well acquainted with the motor areas, and can pick out the centre for voluntary or involuntary movements of the toes or vocal cords or eyes, it has no word of any centre for Will. Still less does it know of the "separate centres for religion and science" which are the latest solution of the immemorial feud. And, lastly, the new phrenology can indicate no centre for consciousness.

Its ignorance on these points may, in some small measure, be remedied; but it is not due to any lack

of study of the silent areas. The cruel experiments of disease and the humane experiments of at any rate the British physiologists have searched out every point of these areas, but in vain. The study of insanity gives us a clue. No localised injury will give a man "delusions of grandeur." The patient who thinks himself to be Pierpont Morgan or St. Paul or the King or the Deity suffers from a disturbance of his *entire brain*. The new phrenology has limitations in the nature of the case. You will find no centre for pride or for caution or for self-consciousness because, once you leave the simpler functions, the combined action of the entire brain, as an organic whole, is necessary. *How necessary*, let cases where, owing to cerebral dissociation, the patient was, at different times, seven, nine or eleven different personalities, grimly attest.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Pathos and Comedy

If Ford had been content to write the tragedy of "The Broken Heart" there is not a doubt that his play would have held a place of honour in our modern repertory of the great Elizabethan dramas. But instead of a tragedy he piles up a mound of tragedies; instead of enlisting our sympathy for a broken heart he sets a row of broken hearts side by side, thereby making an inhuman demand on human emotions.

Judged by the elementary rules of the drama "The Broken Heart" is a good play of the tragic order. The plot, though slight, is simple and well developed; the characters are real men and women; the dialogue is natural and infused with a poetic charm; genuine emotions are dealt with—ambition, love, jealousy and remorse; inexorable fate dogs the footsteps of crime. Ford's one failure lies in his choice of characters. There is too little variety in them. We miss the good genius, and the man with a sense of humour, who finds his way into the shuttle even of a tragedy and gets woven into the tangled web of life.

The short scene in which Phulas relates the gossip of the day to his master and the chatter of Grausis are the only attempts made to relieve the sad and serious theme of the play. Ithocles is tormented by remorse from the moment he returns in triumph to Sparta and finds what havoc he has worked in forcing his sister to marry Bassanes; Penthea, blinded by sorrow for her own suffering, cannot forgive and live, but half forgives and courts death; jealousy tyrannises over Bassanes; revenge creeps into the heart of Orgilus; nemesis is only appeased by the sacrifice of Calantha, an innocent victim. It is all too pitiful, too pathetic. We are stifled in this heavy atmosphere. Then the genius of Ford asserts itself, and weary though we be with too much suffering, our hearts, too, are broken as Calantha dies by the bedside of her murdered lover.

The company cast for this play, which is now being produced under the auspices of the Mermaid Society at the Royalty Theatre, is not strong enough to respond to the exceptional demands made on the performers. The actors, with the exception of Mr. Frank Lascelles as Ithocles, seem overpowered by their parts. The very serious way in which they go through the dance in the last act entirely destroys the pathos of the scene. The whispered messages of death are only intended for the ears of Calantha. Ford meant her to be the object of our deepest sympathy as she goes on dancing to the

bitter end—a noble, unselfish woman doing her duty as the king's representative at the court festivities. If this personal grief which she forbears to intrude on her guests is known to them, as the performers imply by their manner, surely they must cease their revels! My neighbours on either side were shocked at their seeming levity.

I was shocked at the very audible way in which my neighbours on *all* sides frequently expressed their opinions. The Mermaid Society is doing such excellent work that it deserves the entire sympathy of an attentive audience, even at a play which fails to hold them spellbound.

It is seldom that a modern play revived is received with enthusiasm such as is won by Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," but the reason is not far to seek. The emotions are simple and clearly set forth, many of the characters are clearly and soundly drawn and most of the dialogue is brilliant. The piece is described as a play, but in reality it is a comedy of the class of "The School for Scandal," the plot being serious while the treatment of it is comic, the famous scene in Act III. where Mrs. Erlynne sacrifices her own good name to save that of her daughter corresponding in dramatic value to the screen scene in the older comedy. Mr. Wilde's wit wears well, its brilliancy is not dimmed by lapse of time and his serious speeches ring more true than they did at the first hearing. Of the acting it is not possible to speak very highly and very common was the fault of indistinctness. The success of such a play as this depends upon the right delivery of the dialogue. It was very pleasant to see Miss Marion Terry once again in an important part, and she set her fellow-players a noble example of cultured earnestness and distinct diction. Mr. Sydney Brough was excellent as the foolish Lord Lorton and Mr. Leslie Faber capital as the cynical young Cecil Graham.

The Society of Twelve

At Obach's Galleries in Bond Street the new Society of Twelve holds its first meeting; the result is vastly interesting, as are most shows under this management. The law of art of the ordinary man is based, roughly speaking, on the conditions Tuppence Coloured—Penny Plain. If a picture contain colour it will sell, other things being equal, with ease; far otherwise the case with the uncoloured masterpiece. I have often wondered why. A man will glory in having the walls of his rooms plastered with mediocre paintings, when, for far less money, he might cover those walls with real masterpieces in lithography, woodcut, etching, mezzotint, print, black-and-white, that should be a joy to him as long as he lives. There is a feeling abroad that a black-and-white thing is a cheap thing—"not as good as" coloured things. Or, if rare, it may be of value; or, if very old—a Rembrandt etching. Most people look at

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
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works of art just like that—like a shop-walker gazing upon the Latest Thing. That is why most people's living rooms are an organised vulgarity.

It is, as far as I can see, to help to put the art-lover in touch with good work in the field of original reproductive work that the Society of Twelve has been formed. There are one or two weak members whose places might be taken by better men; and one would like to see Edgar Wilson and Sime and Pryde brought forward in some such Society that their work might be the more often seen. However, the Society must be taken as it stands, and it is, on the whole, a distinguished gathering—indeed, William Nicholson, Strang, Rothenstein, John, Gordon Craig, Clausen, Conder, Hazlewood Shannon make good company anywhere. Mr. William Nicholson sends three paintings of marked originality and style, his drawings of the two wax effigies of Charles II. and Elizabeth which appeared in "The Pall Mall Magazine" being particularly effective. But it is in the print room that he scores a remarkable success with his masterly colour-print of Sada Yacco, the Japanese actress, and his breezy design of "The Shire Horse," that seems to have brought into this close London room within its narrow space all the fresh air of England's wind-filled fragrant smiling country-side. Mr. Nicholson's marvellous grip on the emotional expression—that is Art—is splendidly shown in the colour-print of the Japanese actress, in which we get the very spirit of Japanese art, with all its beauty of balance and spacing set down in the vigorous telling statement of an old English woodcut. The deeps of the great blacks resound through the thing; and the pale face of the woman tells most beautifully against it all. Mr. Clausen sends characteristic work, and is as always interesting. Mr. Gordon Craig sends his exquisite little woodcuts of "December" and of "Duc d'Anjou," full of fine dramatic sense and beautiful in their use of black. Mr. William Strang, one of the most poetic of artists amongst us, sends several drawings and prints. Some of his etchings, as every art-lover knows, are very beautiful things—his well-known etched portrait of Mr. Kipling, for instance, is very fine. But neither here nor at his one-man show was I able to discover the great beauty of his new method of portraiture in the Holbein manner. In his painting Mr. Strang reaches very high; there is rare distinction in everything that his brush touches. But in his new Holbeinesque manner of using chalks I am bound to say I cannot find that high achievement with which Mr. Lawrence Binyon, for instance, credits him. I thought much of his work at his own show almost mediocre, in just those fine qualities which often hide much of the discordant commonness of some of his work. I do not mean rude vigour, of which he is master to such a marked degree, but a coarse, bad taste in technical statement which is hard to define in black-and-white—a sort of vulgarity of line. Mr. Rothenstein sends some of his exquisite lithograph portraits, his fine Mr. George Bernard Shaw amongst the rest. There is a goodly show of Mr. Conder's work, though he never reaches to his highest flights unless he has the decorative limits and conditions of a fan or panelled space to guide his dreamy hands. Mr. C. Hazlewood Shannon is represented by several lithographs of great beauty and his delightful lithographic portrait of Mr. Max Beerbohm. Altogether the new Society makes a good start, and ought to benefit the side of art to which it is devoting its powers.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Correspondence

"Divine Discontent"

SIR,—I commonly read the articles of your contributor Dr. Saleby with interest, if not always with perfect agreement. They are mostly, indeed, beyond my field of criticism; but I like to know what are the latest ideas in science, and large generalisations have in themselves a kind of fascination, whether they are sound or not, even when the reader is in no position to judge of their soundness. But Dr. Saleby's doctrine of "Divine Discontent" is one that appeals to every thinking man for judgment, how far he can accept it and how far not. That it will meet with a very general concurrence I do not doubt; for, in truth, I have heard it all my life and have said very much the same thing myself in days past. Nor do I deny even now that there is something in it. But, in fact, with all its laudation of the unconventional, it is itself quite the prevalent philosophy of the present time, and nothing is so agreeable to self-esteem as to be told that if you want to do great things in the world you must begin to snarl and grumble as much as possible at the things that are. For my part, I am the last man to deny that there is infinite cause for Divine discontent at many things even at the present day. And the things that I am most discontent with are not laws, new or old, or institutions, or even conventional manners, but revolutionary modes of thought based often upon the most superficial criticism. To illustrate this in detail would be undesirable in your pages. But I will venture to point out, from one of Dr. Saleby's own illustrations, what danger lurks in large generalisations. "The greatest of all Protestants, in the most important of all matters, was Jesus Christ." That is, at least, a very unconventional way of putting it, and suggests a community of principle, which many very real thinkers of different folds would indignantly deny, between the leading principles of Luther, Calvin, Cranmer and John Knox and those which animated Him whom they all acknowledged as a common master. Moreover, apart from what opponents would say, I think even the most devoted admirers of Luther or any of the Reformers would shrink from classifying him in the same category with One whose personality they regard as so entirely unique. But I do not ask what reverence, but what reason, has to say about this. Is it at all right to class Jesus among what Dr. Saleby considers the honoured band of "heralds of revolt"? That He said severe things against many of the conventionalisms of His day is beyond dispute. He saw through false disguises and unmasked false pretences in a way no one else could have dared to do. He even said that things lawful under the law of Moses were unlawful under a higher law; for the law of Moses was, after all, mere statute law, given on account of the "hardness of men's hearts"—that is to say, the dulness of their judgments, when stupid men had gone wrong in the most serious matter in life. But though in a mere system of human law it might be necessary to afford relief in such cases, the morality of the matter was a different thing. "From the beginning it was not so." Our Lord's constant appeal is to the past, not to the future; He did anything but encourage revolution. "Think not that I am come to destroy the Law or the Prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." His teaching, I should say, was conservative to the very core; and yet He was the greatest—I will not say of all Protestants—but of all real Reformers. "For," He goes on to add, "verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." There is surely a very profound meaning here. Law is to be fulfilled absolutely and completely. The smallest deviation involves serious consequences; and yet we may look for a time when all shall be fulfilled, and law, as law, shall cease to exist, being superseded by a higher principle of love. It is from this essential conservatism that the really progressive character of Christianity arises—as the history of Christian civilisation shows.—Yours, &c.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

Celtomania

SIR.—Mr. Alfred Nutt's strictures on Sir William Preece's article in "The Celtic Review" for last month are only too just. Present at the Pan-Celtic Congress at Caer'narfon, North Wales, I was among Sir William's audience, and felt positively electrified by the extraordinary remarks to which he gave vent. Meeting him afterwards in the Castle grounds, I took him as gently as possible to task, and he replied that his ideas were only "tentative"; he was anxious for me to give him instruction. He has thus arrived at the Socratic stage of confessing his ignorance of things Celtic. M. Gaidoz, in congratulating me on my antidote article, in the same number of the "Review," says it was a positive "disgrace" to publish such an address as that of Sir William. I cannot, of course, allow such a word to be applied to the charming lady-editor, but consider Sir William, his name, fame, and titles alone to blame. Were it not better for him "to go the whole hog" with the "Book of Leinster," and begin with Srí son of Esrú, son of Gaedel, leader of the Gaedil, that came out of Egypt after Pharaoh was drowned (2 B 8, 24). That way madness lies. Why coquet with Celtomania?—Yours, &c. H. H. JOHNSON.

University of Rennes.

A Prose Anthology

SIR.—I must answer my own question. A day or two after writing to you I found a quite delightful prose anthology in Munich—only 1s.—published by Grant Richards: "English Prose, from Mandeville to Ruskin." Nothing could be better, used as a supplement to Stopford Brooke's "English Literature." It is compiled by Mr. W. Peacock. It is delightful for any one to have—not only for students, especially if one is travelling, when books add so much to weight of luggage.—Yours, &c. K. H.

Savage Arithmetic

SIR.—A watchful correspondent points out to me that "whilst savages exist whose language contains *only* the numbers one, two—these being followed by *many*—all who reach *three* have no difficulty in going on." Professor Höffding, the great psychologist of Copenhagen, regards this fact as susceptible of a simple physiological explanation. At any rate, I must here correct an illustration in a recent article.—Yours, &c. C. W. SALEEBY.

P.S.—I must also apologise for the sentence "The viscera is (*sic!*) as deep as the mind"—an unaccountable transposition from the proposition discussed at length in Spencer's *Autobiography*, that "the mind is as deep as the viscera."

The Human Aquarium

SIR.—According to your reviewer's revision of Buffon's speculations as to the origin of life, *it* arose with some minute *aqueous* "leucocytes." This is based on the assumption of a primitive ocean; but all or any ocean must have had *soil* to rest upon. These *leucocytes* became component parts of the venous circulation in animal life, but must previously have had some form of nourishment, some *algae* to feed on, so vegetable life would have come first. Does a weed need supernatural force in its origin? No; I would call vitality a *cosmic* force inherent in nature, for all life has some physical basis derived from the soil. This leucocyte theory is a revival of the marine "ascidian"; then we were introduced to *plasma*, as a primitive form of matter in a viscid state, and the basis of "flesh." Now comes the primitive *cell* of unknown origin; it was once called a *sac*—Greek *dóxos*, Latin *saccus*; so it is the *ascidian* over again, and this "cellular theory" needs time for its examination and acceptance. Did it originate with Theodore Schwann? Is Virchow its founder or *reviver*? Now cellulose is a chemical compound, so formed naturally, quite independently of any divinely organised *creative* power, and all we know of vitality is a gift of nature due to our globe's position in the planetary system. On this *fact* I would suggest that the soil, including oceanic bottoms, does become so naturally fertilised as to produce crude vitality, developing into organic forms, as

acted upon by the chemical forces inherent in the surrounding atmosphere, and ever shifting, compounding and recompounding under solar or electric influences. Real vitality once produced, in the slightest elementary form, *must* develop into anything called a *cell* or what-not, and finally culminating in the nervous system and the brain of man.—Yours, &c.

A. H.

The New Writers' Column

The Poet and the Philosopher

THE reviewer of Dr. Saleeby's "Cycle of Life" in THE ACADEMY suspects that Dr. Saleeby writes so well on science because he "knows something of art, much of music, and is a constant reader of poetry." Certainly, to be a great artist, or a great scientist, a man must not view life from one standpoint. He must "see life steadily and see it whole."

The obvious function of philosophy is "a criticism of life." And to Matthew Arnold this is the aim of poetry. Truly great poetry is different from that "procession of vague shapes," which appeals especially to the young. Keats and Shelley, indeed, are little more than beautiful poets. But these—and Shelley in particular—are not great in the sense that Shakespeare, Arnold, and Wordsworth are. To Wordsworth poetry is "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." It is the reality of realities; the truth of truths. If a poem is but mystic delicacy, it is not really great. Though it appeal to our aesthetic sense, it cannot affect us as many lines of true poetry in Shakespeare do. For example:

"She sat like patience on a monument"

is a fine poetical conceit; but it has not that bed-rock of poetry which we get in the, externally, less poetical:

"If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me."

The excellence of poetry consists in the fact that it is a fine art, appealing to the highest of our senses—the aesthetic sense—and at the same time an enlightened philosophy, containing a substratum of spiritual idea, the artist's peculiar philosophy of life. It pronounces no moral lessons such as the Philistine looks for in art. But, if true poetry, it contains some philosophical message. Matthew Arnold is a good example. In rhythm and diction he is often less poetical than the more daedal poets. But his poetry is great poetry because it is (to use his own words) a "criticism of life." It has the spirit of the philosopher. In fact the modern Socrates is not Spencer, but Arnold.

Again, rhyme and metre, as Aristotle knew, are not necessary to poetry. They are the accidentals, not the essentials, of poetry. Tacitus, for example, wrote prose; but he was a far greater poet than Juvenal, who was only a rhetorical satirist.

Modern philosophy is lacking in poetry. A great, enlightened poet must have a large sense of humour. This means, not the writing of comical poems, but that fine sense of the appropriateness of things which secures freedom from cant and one-sided views of life. This is just what philosophy needs, and it is just what we miss in writers like Mill and Spencer. They are lacking in that "largior hic aether." They are not great poets such as great philosophers should be.

R. B. APPLETON.

REGULATIONS.

We will consider carefully any article sent in to us, in length not more than 500 words, if guaranteed by the writer

that no composition of his (or hers) has ever been printed or published in any journal, magazine or other publication, or in book form, and if the article is suitable to the pages of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE and of sufficient merit, we will print it in THE NEW WRITERS' COLUMN, sending the writer a cheque in accordance with our usual rate of payment. The article must be signed with the author's full name. We must trust to the contributors' sense of honour not to abuse our confidence.

RULES.

1. The article may be on any subject of literary, art, or antiquarian interest; freshness of subject, of treatment and style will chiefly influence the acceptance of any article.
2. The length of the article must not exceed five hundred words.
3. MS. must be written clearly, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
4. The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence regarding this column.
5. If contributors desire their MS. to be returned in case of their not being printed, stamps must be sent for this purpose.
6. No MS. will be considered that is not accompanied by the writer's full name and address and an intimation that the writer is qualified to write for the *New Writers' Column*.
7. All communications must be addressed to the Editor, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.; the envelope being marked "N. W. C." on top left-hand corner.
8. The Editor will not hold himself responsible for any lost MS.; a duplicate copy should be kept by the writer.
9. Each MS. must have attached to it the competition coupon (given on one of the cover pages).

New Monthly Competition

REGULATIONS.

We shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR SECOND COMPETITION

"GREAT ENGLISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY."

By Sidney Lee.

(Published by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.
7s. 6d. net.)

Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later than December 12.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S BLANK VERSE.—What is the first specimen of blank verse that is undoubtedly Shakespeare's own?—N.L.

LITERATURE.

* KING OF SPAIN'S SURNAME.—Bacon, in his *Essay on Prophecies*, remarks "They say the King of Spain's surname is Norway." Can any reader explain why the Spanish Sovereign was credited with a name which was certainly not that of his ancestors?—E. B. d'Auvergne.

* THE "DIVINE COMEDY."—Why is Dante's "Divine Comedy" called by that name?—N.L.

"TROM LIGHE."—In reading "Children of Tempest," by Neil Munro, the other day, I came across the sentence: "It was *trom lighe*—it was *Incubus* he had raised from Barra Sound; there was something after all in the proverb." Can anyone tell me the meaning of the words "trom lighe"?—Edith Skey.

3RD FEBRUARY, 1852.—Can any one tell me to what public event Tennyson referred in his poem entitled "The Third of February, 1852"?—Olive Parker.

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."—In Mr. Stephen Phillips' play—"Paolo and Francesca"—on page 42 is the line, "O! and that bluer blue—that greener green!" Can any of your readers tell me what it refers? So far as I can see it seems to have nothing to do with the context, which I quote:

Francesca. "Nita, he trembled to look up at me!
And when I nearer came all pale he grew.
And when I smiled he suffered, as it seemed;
And then I smiled again: for it was strange.
Is't wicked such sweet cruelty to use?
O! and that bluer blue—that greener green!"
M.A.M. (Edinburgh).

EROTION.—Can any one tell me if *Erotion* (cf. Mr. Swinburne's poem of that title, and also "Anactoria") was a real woman or not, and, if so, whether anything is known about her? From the collocation in "Anactoria":

Lest I too lure a swallow for a dove,
Erotion or Erinia to my love,

it looks as if she was one of Sappho's pupils. I find no reference to her in the extant fragments of Sappho's poems. *ἔρωτος* is used by Lucian as a diminutive of *ἔρως*.—Francis L. Bickley.

BARRAH'S RIDDLE.—Can any one tell me the answer to the riddle which occurs in the poem "My Letters," in "Ingoldsby Legends," verses 24, 25, and 26.—Leonard Harper (Nantwich).

AUTHOR WANTED.—Who was the author of the following well-known schoolboy jingle, and how is the poem continued?

Once upon a time—
When the pigs were swine,
And the monkeys chewed tobacco,
And ships of lime
Went out to dine
All dressed in brown alpaca.—John Osborne.

GENERAL.

FLOWER-GARLANDED MADONNAS.—Can any reader supply the technical name for a certain class of picture consisting of a garland of flowers, by a Dutch artist, which encloses a Madonna painted by an Italian artist? These Madonnas were often copies of celebrated pictures by great masters.—A.K.S.

"SENT TO COVENTRY."—What is the origin of the phrase "sent to Coventry," in the sense of ostracising?—H. Pearl Humphrey.

"TO EAT HUMBLE PIE."—What is the origin of this phrase? Has it any connection with "umble pies," which were made from the liver and kidneys of the deer? (vide Pepys' "Diary," July 5, 1662).—H.A.W.

* EYE AND ELBOW.—Can any of your readers explain the following saying prevalent in Lincolnshire, "It's neither me eye nor me elbow"?—E.A.S. (Bournemouth).

"GREAT SCOTT!"—Can any one tell me the origin of the expression "Great Scott"? Has it anything to do with Sir Walter Scott?—Olive Parker.

FRUIT STONES.—How came the kernels of certain kinds of fruits to be known as "stones"? Thus we have "cherry stones," "plum stones," etc., though there is nothing of the nature of stones about them. Are there any references in early literature to fruit "stones"?—Cherry Plum.

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

*** THE STAGE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.**—It does not really appear that Shakespeare has done, or pretended to do, anything more than put in the mouth of York a picturesque simile. It is vividly and withal pertinently introduced into the dialogue, and that was all that concerned Shakespeare. He, surely, from what we know of other instances, never troubled himself about its historic relevance. Moreover, he continually uses terms, similes, and metaphors drawn from the stage and the theatre, which his own experience and observation would naturally have suggested to him. But apart even from all this, and wittingly or not, Shakespeare was committing no anachronism, and was very far from touching on "the sea-coast of Bohemia." We know that Miracle plays or *Mysteries*, the predecessors of the *Moralities*, were performed at Chester before 1350, and at London as early as 1170-80. And we have evidence, too, that the *Moralities* themselves date from the reign of Edward III., though there is no extant Moral play before the time of Henry VI. The stage, therefore, had been erected, and "well-graced actors" had adorned it for over two centuries, when the Duke of York drew his affecting picture of Richard II.—*Nissim Lisbona* (Manchester).

"**LUCRECE.**"—The word *pamphlet*, thus introduced, appears in "1 Henry VI," III. i. 2: "written pamphlets studiously devised." The word was used of manuscripts before printing came into use, and means any small paper, so the "King's Quair," or *quire* of paper; see the Spanish *papelito*, and *folleto*. It is diminutive from the Greek *papiro*, and we infer that the dramatist presented "Lucrece" to his patron, Lord Southampton, before printing it for sale.—*A. Hall*.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME FALSTAFF.—In the original edition of "King Henry IV," Falstaff was called Sir John Oldcastle, whose name occurs in "The Famous Victories of King Henry V," an old play from which Shakespeare drew much of his material. Rowe states that the tradition was that the descendants of Oldcastle (the famous Lollard who suffered martyrdom) objected to the reflections cast upon their ancestor's character by the play, and the Queen was pleased to command the author to alter it. He therefore substituted Falstaff; hence such lines as "Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death," where "Oldcastle" was the original reading; so, too, the epilogue to the second part of "King Henry IV" states that "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man"; and in one of the Quartos Falstaff's speech in "2 Hen. IV" I. ii. 137, is headed Old. Sir John Falstaf had already occurred in "1 Hen. VI" (III. ii. 104, IV. i. 947), where he is degraded by Talbot for cowardice and stripped of his garter. This Sir John was also an historical personage, and was at one time the owner of the Boar's Head, Southwark; the substitution of his name did not commend itself to Fuller, who in his "Worthies" regrets that "the stage hath been over bold with his memory, making him a thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour."—*E. W. Henty* (Wilmslow).

LITERATURE.

To Voice.—This verb has not recently come into existence, as H. B. Foster supposes. It is to be found in Bacon's Essays ("Great Place"): "Rather assume thy right in silence . . . than voice it with claims and challenges." Also in Shakespeare, "Coriolanus," II. iii. 242:

Your minds

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul.

It occurs as an intransitive verb in Jeremy Taylor, "Episcopacy Asserted," f. 41: "I remember also that this place [Acts xvi.] is pretended for the people's power of voicing in counsels."—*M.A.C.*

[Similar replies received from *Nissim Lisbona*; *A.B.C.* (Chester).]

Mrs. MARSH, NOVELIST.—There is an account of Mrs. Marsh-Caldwell (1791-1874), author of "Emilia Wyndham" and other novels, in the Dictionary of National Biography. The titles of her works are given, but "The Admiral's Daughter" is not included among them. Her novels were published anonymously, and so are difficult to identify. Many of them passed through several editions, and a collection of them, filling fifteen volumes, was published in Hodgeson's "Parlour Library" in 1857. No life of her is mentioned, nor is it stated whether there is any later edition of her works.—*M.A.C.*

* **Mrs. MARSH, NOVELIST.**—I knew Mrs. Marsh in the late sixties. She was then a widow, and living in her old home, Linley Wood, a comfortable house on the borders of Staffordshire and Cheshire. This she had inherited as heiress of her brother, Mr. Caldwell. I recall a tall, stately, extremely cultured old lady, with a strong will of her own, who expected that those who sought her society should be interesting in some way or another. I am glad to be able to say that three of her children are still with us.—*Robert Bateman*.

[Replies also from *James Morris* and *H.J.C.*]

DR. JOHNSON'S DEATH-BED.—The form of expression is "docked"; when the lexicographer said "That will do," he expressed a limitation, meaning that the pillow as smoothed was comforting, but not alleviating. Here we have a contrast between personal ease and medical cure.—*A. Hall*.

JOHNSON'S DEATH-BED.—If your correspondent would consult "The New English Dictionary" he would see that the verb "do" in the phrases "This will do," "How do you do?" is the same word as "do" in the more common transitive use—e.g., "I do this." If he would consult Professor Skeat's *Concise Dictionary* (ed. 1901) he would find mention made of only one verb "do," the Old English *don*, without any reference to an original *dunian*, which latter could only have given "don" in modern English.—*M.A.C.* (Oxford).

THE GAY LOVANIA.—Further replies received from *Mrs. H. Jenner* (Lewes); *M.A.C.* (Cambridge); and *Ralph Henry*.

AUTHORS FOUND.—Ref. to title of verse by B. Barton, "I live for those who love me." The title is "What I live for," author J. Linnaeus Banks, and not as above. There are five verses, of which the one quoted is the last. The whole poem is published in "Hymns that have Helped," No. 51 of the Penny Poets, "Review of Reviews" Office.—*Thomas Jones*.

The quotation is from Lord Byron's "Manfred," I. i., and is as follows:

My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can endure not.

—*Hilda M. Wood* (Manchester).

* **TO HIDE HIS DIMINISHED HEAD.**—This is a quotation from Milton:
At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.

—*Parad. Lost*, IV. 35.

c. Pope, Epistle III. 282:

Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.—*M.A.C.*

[Replies also from *H. C.* and *F. Johnson*.]

GENERAL.

LORDS OF THE COUNCIL.—According to Charles Wheatley's "A Rational Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer," 1710 (edited by Dr. Corrie for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press in 1858), the "Lords of the Council and all the Nobility are those who are eminent in the State . . . who by reason of their dignity and trust have need of our particular prayers, and were always prayed for in the old Liturgies, by the title of the *whole Palace*."—*M.A.C.*

[Replies also received from *G. E. Brooks*; *H. Jones*.]

DACTYLOGRAPHY.—The first manual alphabet which was published in England was that of Dalgarno, in 1680. He was the most intelligent author on the subject of the instruction of the deaf and dumb next to Bulwer. This was probably the finger-alphabet, from which our present two-handed one was derived.—*D. Helen Dummore* (Brasted).

BIG BATTALIONS.—"Providence always favours the big battalions." It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions" is by Voltaire, and is to be found in "Letter to M. le Riche," February 6, 1770. But "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve" is attributed to Napoleon; and "Fortune is always on the side of the largest battalions" is by Mme. de Sévigné, "Letters."—*M. Maclean Duff* (Colwich).

[Similar replies received from *B. B.*; *M.L.A.* (Oxford); and *M.A.C.*]

THE "F" IN THE ABERDEEN DIALECT.—In Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences" there are some amusing examples of the Aberdeen peculiarity of pronouncing / in interrogatives, as, for instance, "fat" for "what." This peculiarity may be accounted for by the not very uncommon linguistic phenomenon of an interchange of voiceless spirants. The spirants here concerned are the labial / and the palatal spirant, which was pronounced like the Scottish ch in "loch" or the German ch in "doch" and "noch," and which may be written with the Greek χ. The Aberdeen / ("what") is due to an older Scottish pronunciation χντ. We have examples of this change of sound in the modern pronunciations of "enough," "tough," "rough," "clough," all of which were originally pronounced with a palatal spirant, as is shown by the modern spelling gh. In the Romance from / through χ to h; as, for example, Lat. *foris*, Fr. *hors*. This change languages there are examples of this interchange the reverse way, that is, is regular in Spanish; compare *hacer*, *hijo*, with Lat. *facere*, *filius*.—*M.L.A.* (Oxford).

WAS NAPOLEON ASLEEP AT WATERLOO?—Dr. Fitchett's authority is probably Lord Wolseley in his "Decline and Fall of Napoleon," page 158 to end. Wolseley says that Napoleon talked, slept, and wasted time while the army waited for directions. Here are a few phrases: "Began the battle so late and purposely . . . threw away hours. We know that during the progress of the battle itself he remained seated for hours motionless at a table placed for him in the open, often asleep, with his head resting on his arms." I condense further: "When flying beaten from the field he was in constant danger of falling from his horse through sleep." Authorities for, and upholders of, this view are Charras, General Berthault, and Ropes. General de Ségur says he was similarly affected at Moscow. The disease was *ischuria*, which affects activity and induces depression. To the contrary is H. Houssaye, in his "1815, Waterloo," the most thoroughly documented monograph upon this point. Tracing Napoleon hour by hour, he says that though prodded to have been ill the night preceding Waterloo, yet out of the ninety-six hours of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo he rested only twenty.—*F. Billinghurst*.

WELL DRESSING.—This custom is a survival of the cult of water, which Mr. Gomme, in his "Ethnology and Folklore," suggests was a religious observance of the men of the Stone Age. Be this as it may, we have abundant evidence, according to Dr. A. C. Haddon, that well- and spring-worship was extremely rife in the British Islands before Christianity was introduced, and that the early missionaries were instructed not to root up the old religion before replacing it with the new. These good men took up their abode by the side of a sacred well, knowing that they would always have devotees to instruct, and thus it came about that the wells mostly retained their old virtue, and the sanctity was annexed by the missionaries, and in later times the wells almost invariably bore their names. Mr. Gomme points out that, generally speaking, the traces of well-worship become more pronounced and more primitive in character as we pass from East to West in the British Islands. In the East of England no distinct ritual remains. In the West of England is the region of garland dressing; pins are usually thrown into the wells and a special kind of cake eaten. To speak in terms of races, this ritual is least observed in Teutonic England, but is retained in Celtic England and Celtic Scotland, in Wales and Ireland. It is, however, probably older than the Celtic migration.—*M.A.C.*

YEW TREES.—It is still a matter of conjecture as to the origin of planting yew trees in churchyards. One reason is suggested as being a method of ensuring a good supply of the wood for cross-bows in mediæval times. More probably its dismal colour and appearance seemed appropriate to the surroundings of death. It is a tree indigenous to Britain, as is the cypress to the South of Europe, and the sombre tint of both may well have originated their connection with "funeral" decorations. As to the poisonous nature of the berries, this seems as much open to question as many other details of popular nature-lore. The old herbalist Gerard endeavoured to combat this superstition, as he believed it to be. It is almost generally accepted that the only harmful part is the interior hard portion; the outer pith is to be freely eaten. Peaches and plums would be "poisonous" to those who consumed the stones as well as the covering.—*S.C. (Hove)*.

[Reply also from *G.E.B.* (Blackheath).]

PETTICOAT TALES.—Similar replies to those already published received from *Thos. Beaumont* (Glasgow) and *H. Bates*.

HOMOOSTOUR AND HOMOIOUSION.—Further replies received from *John Bland*; *G.B.C.* (Oxford); *Mrs. H. Jenner* (Lewes); *M.A.C.* (Cambridge); *E. Percy Schofield*; *S. Hulton* (Leicester); *Medicus* (Dundee); *D. H. Dummore* (Brasted).

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the following booksellers:

Mr. John Harries, 95 Westbourne Grove, W.

Messrs. Bright's Stores, Ltd., The Arcade, Bournemouth.

Mr. John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester.

Mr. Joseph B. Slater, Market Square, Ironbridge, Shropshire.

[The replies sent by *A.C.* cannot be used, as they do not comply with the rules; and the questions of *Jeff* can be answered by reference to volumes in any public library.]

Junior Questions and Answers

RULES.

The General Rules are the same as for the Senior "Academy Questions and Answers" (q.v.), with these exceptions: Envelopes must be distinctly marked J.Q.A., and Questions and Answers must be confined to *British Literature, &c.* Notes on matters of curiosity and interest may also be sent in, and **comments upon incorrect Answers printed will also count for the Competition.** The principal points considered in awarding the prizes will be intelligence, originality, and style.

COMPETITION RULES.

Two prizes to the value of Five Shillings each will be awarded weekly, until further notice, for the two best Questions, Answers, or Notes. The Editor's decisions must be considered final and no correspondence will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of the prize-winners will be published each week and the winning contributions indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of five shillings' worth of books, to be chosen by the prize-winner from the stock of a local bookseller, upon whom an order will be given. The Competition is limited to residents in the United Kingdom. No competitor can win a prize more than once a month. Every set of Questions, Answers, or Notes must be accompanied, as a guarantee of good faith, by the signature of a parent, guardian, clergyman, master, or other responsible person. No boy or girl above the age of seventeen can enter for the competition. Competitors must work without assistance from any one.

NOTICE.—It is found necessary to ask competitors contributing to "Junior" Questions and Answers, to cut out and send in with contributions the Competition Coupon from the current issue, which will be found on one of the cover-pages. Exceptions will be made in the case of schools, when any master may send in under one cover and with one coupon, contributions from any or all of the boys in the schools, the same exception holding good for the children in one family, in which case the parent or guardian may act as above described.

Questions

LITERATURE.

AUTHORS WANTED.

They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.—*Wilfred Pearson.*

So near they came, the nearest stretched,
To grasp the spoil he almost reached.
—*Alfred Beresford Dummere.*

To Oggier spake King Didier:
"Whence cometh Charlemagne?"
We looked for him in harvest,
We looked for him in rain.—*Edith Skey.*

HISTORY.

LORD MAYOR.—In whose reign was the Lord Mayor of London created?—*Robert Burns.*

GENERAL.

BRÄUSEBAD.—I read the other day that in Germany "Every Board school is provided with a well-equipped gymnasium and a brausebad." What is a "brausebad"?—*Henry Skey.*

APOSTLE SPOONS.—What is the origin of apostle spoons?—*Fred Hannam.*

SAINT SWITHIN'S DAY.—Why is it said that if it rains on Saint Swithin's day it will rain for forty days afterwards?—*Henry Skey.*

COCKNEY.—What is the origin of this word?—*W. Bibby.*

FIGURE-HEADS.—For what purpose are the figure-heads on ships used? Is it only for ornament?—*Sidney Moule.*

SHAKESPEARE'S DESCENDANTS.—Are there any living descendants of Shakespeare?—*Harry Sparkes.*

FUGUE.—Can any one tell me the meaning of the word "fugue"? I cannot understand it.—*Alfred Beresford Dummere.*

Answers

LITERATURE.

ILLUMINATED BOOKS.—The "Durham Book," the work of Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died 721, is a most splendid specimen of illumination. The "Benediction of St. Ethelwold," an illuminated MS. by Yedemann, in the Duke of Devonshire's library, Richmond, Yorks, is worthy of Raphael or Michael Angelo. It was executed between 963 and 984, and is full of miniatures and designs in the highest style of art. Beautiful engravings of it may be seen in the "Archæologia."—*Wilfred Pearson.*

PUBLIC SCHOOL POETS.—A good many English poets have been educated at public schools. John Dryden, 1631-1700, and Abraham Cowley, 1618-1667, both went to Westminster School. Thomas Gray was educated at Eton.—*Eleanor T. Harle.*

PUBLIC SCHOOL POETS.—Byron was educated at Harrow School and P. B. Shelley at Eton.—*Wilfred Pearson.*

AUTHORS FOUND.—"I could not love thee, dear, so much," etc. This quotation is from a poem by Richard Lovelace, 1618-1658, written to "Lucasta, on going to the Wars."—*Eleanor T. Harle.*
[Similar answers from Wilfred Pearson and Dorothy Kirtland.]

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, etc.—*R. Herrick.*—*Wilfred Pearson.*
[Similar answers from Eleanor T. Harle, Dorothy Kirtland, and others.]

HISTORY.

PRINCE ARTHUR.—No; in the first place, Arthur is represented as much younger than he was, for he was born April 30, 1187, and was therefore twelve years old at the opening of the play and sixteen at the time of death. In the second place, Hubert de Burgh, one of the most powerful nobles of his time, and Chamberlain to the King, for whom he successfully defended Dover Castle against Lewis; appears in the play as a person of inferior rank who could be employed in a menial capacity.—*William Smith.*

NATIONAL GALLERY.—This began with the purchase by the British Government of the Angerstein collection of pictures, in 1824. This first exhibition took place in Pall Mall. The present building, designed by Mr. Wilkins, was opened in 1838.—*Dorothy Kirtland.*

WILLIAM AND MARY.—King James, being driven out, fled to France, and lived at the Court of Louis. The English, wishing for a Protestant king, invited Prince William of Orange. He married James's daughter, and they ruled conjointly. James was naturally estranged from his daughter, and never forgave her. Mary had been his favourite daughter.—*William Smith.*

GENERAL.

COPYRIGHT.—The right of an author to his works, for the term of his natural life, or for forty-two years from publication. For the benefit of survivors, the heirs may claim the right either for the residue of the forty-two years or for seven years from his death.—*Wilfred Pearson.*

[Similar answers from Eleanor T. Harle, Edith Skey, and Dorothy Kirtland.]

***WILTSHEIRE "MOONBAKERS."**—This expression is explained in the following story: In the days when smuggling was rife a publican's two men, "down 'Vines way," were bringing home by night some kegs of brandy. But whilst crossing a bridge the donkey drawing the cart bolted, and the barrels fell into the stream. As the men were trying to rescue them an Excise officer rode up. The men told him they were raking for a cheese which had fallen into the water, at which the "Zizemir," laughing "To see a crasy headed coon reak at the shadder of the moon," rode off, and left the ready-witted countrymen to rescue the floating kegs of contraband spirit. And though to this day people tease "All Willsheer voke about the cheese," the latter can retaliate that "Yer ute Excizemir vram tha town, Wur take in by a Willsheer clown."—*Frank Clayton.*

[Similar answer from Wilfred Pearson.]

PIGEONS AND DOVES.—Pigeons and doves, and in fact all birds, when looking at anything, put their heads on one side, using one eye, because their eyes are placed in a different position to those of human beings and animals. They are placed as the ears are in us; therefore, when the bird wants to look at anything, it puts its head on one side.—*Charles MacIver Grant Ogilvie.*

[Similar answers from Wilfred Pearson and others.]

"AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE."—In March, the breeding season, the hare is very wild, and races about a great deal; hence the saying.—*Eleanor T. Harle.*

[Similar answers from Wilfred Pearson and others.]

DOGS.—Wolves, the ancient ancestors of dogs, scratch themselves a bed among the undergrowth of the forests before they lie down to sleep. This habit has come down to their descendants, dogs, who turn round and settle themselves after the manner of their forefathers.—*Charles MacIver Grant Ogilvie.*

SPALPEEN.—The word spalpeen means a rascal, a term of contempt for a man or boy. From the Irish Spailpin, meaning a labourer, a common workman; a rambling labourer who goes to distant places to work for the sake of higher wages; a mean, worthless fellow.—*Frank Clayton.*

[Similar answers from Eleanor T. Harle and others.]

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—The first Christmas card was one showing a family gathered round a table drinking wine. It was designed by Mr. Horsey from a suggestion of Sir Henry Cole's, and issued in 1846; so it is not an "old" custom.—*Edith Skey.*

PRIZE-WINNERS. (See asterisks.)

HENRY SKEY. Merton College, Birchington Road, N.W.

FRANK CLAYTON. 28 Victoria Chambers, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

to whom orders have been sent for five shillings' worth of books, to be bought of:

Mr. John Ludwig Jelipe, 103 High Road, Kilburn, N.W.
Messrs. Jones & Evans, 77 Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.

THE MASTERPIECES OF RUBENS. (Gowans & Gray, 1s. 6d. net.) A series of fifty-nine photograph reproductions taken from the well-known Hanftaengel collection. The prints are delightfully clear, the paper is good, and there is an index.

EVESHAM. by Edmund H. New; and **BROADWAY.** by Algernon Gissing (Dent, 1s. 6d. net each), are two dainty additions to the **Temple Topographies.** The volume dealing with Broadway should prove invaluable to those anxious to visit the celebrated Cotswold Hills, among which Broadway lies, "like a scroll flung over the hill side, in full face of the north-west wind and evening sun." In fact, even the perusal of the book excites a wish to ramble among the "homes, churches and roads of this quaint old-time village of Middle England." In "Evesham" Mr. New deals with a charming and picturesque town teeming with historical association. It is indeed a relief to light upon a place where the ruthless hand of the builder has not yet demolished the monuments of the past and the *genius loci* still survives. The vale, the abbey, the town, the river of Evesham are all described by the writer with an accuracy and delicacy of touch that betoken an intimate acquaintance with the country of which he writes. Both books are adorned with illustrations, but have no indices.

